The Nation.

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The Week.

THE menace of last week's vote on the Butler bond bill is the cloud which it throws over the financial policy of the Government during the next Administration. There was a majority of seven in the Senate for repudiation, and previous votes have shown about the same strength for any proposition which the silverites favor. The alarming feature of the senatorial outlook is the certainty that there will be a majority for equally wild measures in that body during the next Congress. The sound-money men will gain several seats, but the admission of Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma as States will reinforce the soft-money side by six votes, leaving things as they now are—and nobody can doubt that the scheme for bringing in these three Territories will be carried through next winter. The country, therefore, must face the certainty that the upper branch of Congress will be on the wrong side of every financial question which may arise under the next President. How the lower branch will stand, nobody can tell. The House of Representatives elected next fall may be all right, while its successor, to be chosen in 1898, may be all wrong. The necessity, therefore, for the most robust independence in the executive will be even greater during the next Presidential term than during the present. He will confront a Senate with a majority of members so ignorant, reckless, or crazy that they will be capable of anything. If the Republicans carry the election next fall, their President will come in committed to the early enactment of a tariff bill which will restore prosperity. A Republican House will pass a McKinley bill fast enough, but it will be "held up" in the Senate by the Republican silverites, who will demand heavy ransom in the shape of legislation for their metal. We shall have 1890 over again, only worse, if we have a President who will make concessions to the repudiationists, as Harrison did six years ago.

Many Republican newspapers in the East are shamefully deceiving their readers as to the significance of the Oregon election. They say that the Republicans carried the Legislature and one of the congressional districts, that the party stood for sound money, and that the result is therefore a defeat of the silverites. The truth is that the Republican State convention voted down a resolution against free coinage, and adopted a "straddle" in its stead; that the Republican candidate for Congress who was successful is a 16-to-1 man; that the Republican candidate in the other district, who was beaten by a Populist, was a "straddler," who refused to oppose free coinage; and that the Legislature is overwhelmingly for free coinage, the only question being whether it will send to the Senate some other financial lunatic or reëlect Mr. Mitchell, who not only supports free coinage, but voted the other day for the anti-bond resolution. For a Republican organ to call such results as these a triumph for sound money, because Mitchell and the Republican free-coinage candidates in the two congressional districts call themselves by the name of that party, is a shameful attempt at deception.

The Oregon election seems to have unnerved the McKinley men completely. Not only has the Populist-Democratic combine upset the usual Republican majority there, but the Republican party in that State split on the silver question, and the gold-standard faction was the smallest of all that took part in the contest. Another fact, most surprising to the McKinleyites, is that the tariff question was not heard of in the campaign. Although Oregon is one of the largest sheep-breeding States in the Union and ought to be pining for a duty on wool, that subject was not mentioned. The silver delusion had smothered the tariff delusion completely. The news from Oregon has sent all the weak-kneed brethren running for cover. Senator Aldrich says now that it will be sufficient if the St. Louis platform pronounces against free coinage at 16 to 1, leaving the ground open for free coinage at 17 to 1, or at some other ratio, or for a reënactment of the Sherman law. A lot of nerveless Republicans on the ways and means committee oppose the taking of any vote on the bond-repudiation bill which has just come from the Senate. The whole McKinley programme depends upon making the tariff the issue and adopting a straddle at St. Louis on the silver question. If this cannot be done, McKinley is as illogical a candidate as a Methodist preacher would be in an election for Pope of Rome. If the real issue—the issue which dominates men's minds and controls their feelings—is the question, What shall be the standard of value? then the McKinley edifice, which looks so imposing now, is a house of cards which is liable to fall either before or after the St. Louis convention meets.

Suppose that a "straddle" is adopted at St. Louis. Where are any votes to be gained by that? The 16-to-1 men are not going to be satisfied with it. Senators Dubois and Teller smile when that kind of platform is mentioned. They say that the silver-men have been fooled too many times in that way. They are going to St. Louis with an unequivocal free-coinage platform. If they do not get it adopted there, they are going to Chicago to ask the Democrats to adopt it. If they fail in that quarter, they intend to hold a convention of their own on the 22d of July and adopt a platform and nominate candates of their own. This was the position taken by them months ago. They are now more than confirmed in it by the result of the election in Oregon. On the other hand, the supporters of the gold standard are equally in earnest. The proof of this is found in the declarations, heard on every hand from life-long Democrats, that they will vote the Republican ticket if the St. Louis platform is sound and the Chicago platform unsound on the money question. These are men who do not change their party ties lightly. It must be some consideration of overwhelming import that moves them to so strange a step. Is it supposable that this feeling is less dominant, less intense, in Republican circles?

Whatever political divisions there may be among the American people, they have but a single thought on the money question. To a man they are for "honest" money, the "soundest" currency known to men or angels. This is the great comfort which optimistic patriots may extract out of Thursday's Democratic platforms in Kentucky and Virginia. The Kentucky platform is simply ferocious in its determination to have nothing but an honest dollar. Anybody who doubts that the fifty-cent dollar which the resolutions proceed to call for is "honest," had better be prepared to meet a Kentucky gentleman in a rage. As for Virginia, the kind of money the silverites want there is so wonderful, so heavenly, that the mere thought of it sends them into raptures and rhapsodies. It is "sound money, the soundest the world has ever had or can have, the money of our Constitution, the money of the people, the money of civilization through the ages past and destined to be such for ages to come." It is a pity that this miraculous money has to be explained, farther on, as fiat rags and half-weight coin—but it is honest just the same, sound, unsullied, glorious. As to the honesty, however, there will be a chance for two inflections, as in the case of the unpractised *Iago*, in whose mouth the words "Honest, my lord?" became, "Honest! My Lord!"

The Maine Republicans nobly renewed last week, in State convention, their "unswerving loyalty to that great champion of protection and sound money, Thomas B. Reed," and hoped that the national convention would heed the demand of "the business interests of the country"

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for his nomination. Another slant at McKinley was visible in the chairman's speech, when he spoke of Reed as a man whose "lips are not sealed in silence when silence is dishonor, nor opened to words that are meant to have no meaning." It must be said, however, that this description of the Speaker is true, if at all, only since the nomination has been lost to him. As long as he saw, or thought he saw, that his best chance of getting it lay in silence, McKinley himself was not more voiceless. And did ever the Ohio coiner of winged words beat Reed's fatuous message to the Home Market Club about the dawn soon coming? It is of the essence of brains and courage that they show themselves as such at all times; and the "brainy, masterful Reed" was so long content to play the part of a nerveless trimmer that it is no wonder the party forgot what manner of man he was.

We are indebted to the Buffalo *Courier* for a supplement to McKinley's record on the silver question in the shape of an important and significant vote which we had overlooked. On the 16th of January, 1878, Stanley Matthews carried through the Senate a concurrent resolution which, after quoting various laws relating to the public debt, including the act of 1870 for the refunding of the national debt, and the resumption act of 1875 authorizing the issue of bonds for the maintenance of specie payments, declared that all the bonds of the United States issued under these acts "are payable, principal and interest, at the option of the Government of the United States, in silver dollars of the coinage of the United States containing 412 1-2 grains each of standard silver"; and that such payment would "not be in violation of the public faith nor in derogation of the rights of the public creditor." On the 29th of the month the resolution came before the House, and was carried by a vote of 189 to 79, McKinley being recorded in the affirmative, while on the other side were Garfield of Ohio, Reed, Frye, and Hale of Maine, Robinson of Massachusetts, Hewitt of New York, and many other prominent sound-money men of both parties. This was, of course, a repudiation of the gold standard, and was so understood by both the advocates and the opponents of the resolution.

The latest contribution to McKinley's record is the publication of a letter writ ten by him on the 27th of October, 1890, just before the congressional election that ended his career in the House, in which he answered inquiries about his position on various public questions put to him by the Secretary of the Stark County (O.) Farmers' Alliance. He declared himself opposed to all Trusts and combinations in the restraint of trade, favorable to regulation of railroad rates, opposed to the holding of lands by aliens, and a supporter of a lard bill in which farmers were interested; while as to the financial question—

> "I am in favor of the use of all the silver product of the United States for money as circulating medium. I would have silver and gold alike."

This letter was published by the *World* on Thursday morning. Its authenticity is not questioned. Indeed, it is taken from the files of the local newspaper in Canton, which printed it in the issue of October 30, 1890. McKinley himself, according to his usual habit, refuses to say anything for publication on the subject, although he is reported as having explained to personal friends that "the letter was written at a time of great excitement, when he was making from six to ten speeches a day," and, furthermore, that "his argument in favor of silver was at that time in harmony with his party."

In the debate on the President's veto of the river and harbor bill, Senator Sherman again took the novel view that the President ought not to veto an appropriation bill, because it is always within his discretion to pay the money or not to pay it. If there is no money in the Treasury to pay it, or if for any reason his judgment is against paying it, then he ought not to pay it. Acts making appropriations are merely permissive, and for that reason ought never to be vetoed. This is an astounding doctrine, or would be so if any utterances of Mr. Sherman could astound us. His argument (on page 6603 of the *Congressional Record*) begins by quoting the first paragraph of the bill, viz.:

> "That the following sums of money be, and are hereby, appropriated, to be paid out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to be immediately available and to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of War and the supervision of the Chief of Engineers, for the construction, completion, repair, and preservation of the public works hereinafter named."

This, says Mr. Sherman, "is merely permissive; and, in the case of every one of these appropriations, if the Secretary of the Treasury should say that he has no money for this purpose that is not otherwise appropriated, as a matter of course he is not bound to expend it, . . . or if the President of the United States should see proper to say that 'the object of the appropriation is not a wise one; I do not concur that the money ought to be expended,' that is the end of it." If the appropriation is merely permissive, the words "to be immediately available" have no meaning. If the first section is to be construed as Mr. Sherman thinks it should be, it ought to contain the words, "provided the President of the United States considers such appropriations, or any of them, wise." The Sherman construction, if correct in law, would reach by a short cut the constitutional amendment which many people favor, enabling the President to veto particular items in an appropriation bill, as the Governor of New York can do.

Another part of Mr. Sherman's contention deserves notice, and that is his insinuation that there is no money in the Treasury to meet this appropriation. Unfortunately, and in consequence of a law which Mr. Sherman was instrumental in enacting in 1878, the greenbacks which have been redeemed in gold must be "reissued and paid out again and kept in circulation." About $115,000,000 by legal-tender notes has been accumulated in this way. It is very easy for Mr. Sherman in the Senate and Mr. Dingley in the House to say that greenbacks so received ought not to be used for paying the current expenses of the Government. Why, then, do you not repeal the law of 1878, or at least bring in a bill for that purpose and take a vote on it? Do you fancy that people can be hoodwinked with the notion that the President is violating law or morals by paying out money which an existing statute says he shall pay out? If the committee of ways and means, in its report adverse to the Butler repudiation bill, criticises the Secretary of the Treasury for using the proceeds of bond sales for current expenses of the Government, then the committee must be in favor of letting the Government stop for want of means to go on with. Perhaps Mr. Dingley would say that if his bill were passed, there would be means to go on with. Other people might differ from him in opinion as to this, but it is a sufficient answer to say that his bill has not passed, and that the Secretary has to deal with existing facts, and not with Mr. Dingley's conjectures of what would happen if something else happened.

Senator Morgan's attempt to lash a dying Congress into fresh fury about Cuba will probably fail. The whole thing is in the hands of the President—properly so—and there it will remain. As to the particular case of the American citizens in jail in Cuba for being caught red-handed in filibustering, no one has a scintilla of evidence that the President has not acted in their behalf with prompt energy. On the contrary, it is known that his firm protest has already secured a suspension and review of their first hasty and dubiously legal sentence, and that everything possible has been done to secure them a fair and speedy civil trial, which is the extent of their rights. Morgan was vastly indignant that the court proceedings had been conducted in Spanish. Of course, the Spanish officers should have used English or Alabamese. Anyhow, a war-ship should be sent at once to Cuba to take those Americans straight out of their dungeon. No American who has violated the laws of his own country and has been captured with an armed force attacking a friendly foreign power would be left one day in jail, or even under bail, if Morgan had his way. Meanwhile, the scheme to compel Mr. Cleveland to show his hand in the Cuban business is a highly dangerous one. He may almost any

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day show so many trump cards that his furibund enemies will wish they hadn't done it.

The decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court at Albany on the Albany police bill is of the utmost importance. Should it be confirmed by the Court of Appeals, to which it is going, its significance for this city cannot be overrated. It not only declares the Albany police bill unconstitutional—that is a comparatively small matter—but the grounds of the decision are very far-reaching. It decides, in the first place, that an act which seeks to divide the Police Commission equally between the two leading political parties, is an attempt to place the minority on an equality with the majority, and give the majority no more power than the minority. This the judgment declares to be "in violation of the fundamental laws of a republican government":

"The principle that the majority shall govern lies at the very basis of our government. Among the rights of the majority, as a part of its sovereign power, is the right to select officers, either directly by election, or indirectly by authorities or officers whom they have chosen by election. This power of the majority to govern, the Legislature cannot take from them. The Legislature exercises the legislative power of the people, it is their agent for that purpose, but it cannot limit or surrender any of the power or authority of its principals."

This is a tremendous, let us hope a fatal, blow to the "bi-partisan" foolery. You may give a minority representation; you cannot give it equal power.

The act next violates the principle of local self-government:

"But it may be said that the Legislature is composed of the representatives of the people, and that, therefore. their acts are presumed to be the acts of a majority of the people, and that while this act deprives the majority of the people in one locality of their power, still it is in accordance with the will of the majority of the people of the whole State, and that thereby the principle of majority government is recognized. There would be force in that suggestion if it was not for another principle of our government, recognized by our Constitution, and if the people had not by the Constitution limited their power to override the will of a majority in any locality. The principle I refer to is the principle of local self-government. The principle of local self-government is regarded as fundamental in American political institutions. It means that local affairs shall be decided upon and regulated by local authorities, and that the citizens of the different political divisions of the State have the right to determine upon their own public concerns and select their own local officials without being controlled by the general public or the State at large. For this purpose municipal corporations are established and are invested with rights and powers of government subordinate to the general authority of the State, but exclusive within their sphere. The principle is one that runs through our entire system of government, from the road and school district up to the federal Government. The right of cities to govern themselves has been the subject of attack by arbitrary power from a very early period. In our own State, it seems to me, the subject has been placed beyond question. All through our State Constitution this principle of local self-government is recognized."

Should this principle receive the highest judicial sanction, it will stop for ever the incessant and nefarious legislation for this city at Albany regarding its most vital local concerns which goes on every winter at the instigation of the local Democratic or Republican boss. It would infuse new life, new activity, and a new spirit into our municipality. It will be seen that the decision bears flat-footed on our police here. Until it is reversed, our Police Board is unconstitutional, and we trust that immediate steps will be taken to apply the law.

Mayor Strong's action in extending the civil-service rules to cover about all the desirable places that are left in the municipal service will be a truly terrible blow to all Boys, in Tammany and elsewhere. There is really little left in the way of offices for them to fight for at the polls. If Abe Gruber is right about it, they are all likely to cease to manifest any interest in politics, and to leave our elections to take care of themselves. This last extension takes away all the biggest "plums" as the preceding ones took away the great mass of little "plums." Of course the heads of departments remain, and a new Mayor can always remove them all and put his own men in their places; but these cannot change the subordinates in the departments, for they are now all within the rules and cannot be removed except for cause. All vacancies, however created, must be filled through competitive examinations. The Boys will surely think that the republic is tottering to its ruin. The mere perusal of the list of nearly seventy places, with salaries ranging from $900 to $5,000 each, and a grand total of $318,000, is enough to strike a Boy dead on sight. Think of all that being put out of the reach of the Boys for all time!

The dissolution of the union between the Irish and the English Nonconformists, which has been formally announced by the organ of the English Methodists, on account of the action of the Irish members in supporting the education bill, and over which there is much jubilation among the Conservatives, shows clearly, what was always suspected, that this union, while it lasted, really rested on Gladstone's prestige. The home-rule doctrine was never held with any real heartiness by the leading English Liberals, say Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt. They held it because Gladstone had got it incorporated into the Liberal creed, but it was always to them something like the Athanasian Creed to good churchmen. The mass of the English Dissenters, as we now see, clung to it because eighty-six Irish votes were a powerful assistance in getting other things they wanted and cared for more than home rule. The split can do no great harm to the home-rule cause at present, for it was already as dead as Julius Cæsar, owing to the largeness of the Conservative majority and the disappearance from the political scene of the one able Englishman who ever gave it any vitality. But it renders any reunion of the Irish with the Liberals indefinitely remote, and makes it more probable than ever that some little measure of home rule, something in the County Council line, will yet come from the Tories themselves, who, in fact, are much more like the Irish than the Liberal Dissenters, and come nearer to them on several points.

The arguments with which the Dissenters justify their separation from the Irish would make ludicrous reading if placed side by side with those by which home rule used to be advocated in the same quarter. The anti-home-rulers opposed home rule on the ground, among others, that it would not do to give home rule to such bad men as the Irish; but the home-rulers said that it was to be given as a wise political measure, and not as a reward for good behavior, and that, no matter how they behaved, unless Liberal doctrines were all wrong, it was better for both Ireland and England that the Irish should manage their own affairs. It appears now, however, that the Irish ought not to have home rule unless they agree with the English about the management of common schools. This inconsistency is perceived by some Liberal leaders like Sir Frank Lockwood and Mr. Asquith, and they laugh quietly over it, but there it is. The affair really furnishes one more argument for home rule to the Irish arsenal, for it shows once more how inevitably all parties in England, Whig and Tory, pass on Irish questions on English grounds. Nearly everything the Irish have ever asked for in a hundred years has been refused, at first at least, for an English reason. Of course there are many causes for the present obliteration of home rule—Parnell's death, Gladstone's retirement, and the Irish dissensions—but we have no doubt the one which acts most powerfully on the English mind, perhaps unconsciously, is Irish tranquillity. Public attention in England has never been seriously given to Irish questions except in periods of disturbance, and even then it is only very recently that healing measures have been substituted for coercive measures.

The deaths of Jules Simon and Léon Say, following each other so closely, will not lessen the anxiety of Frenchmen over the signs of decay in their public life. This is a phenomenon which is giving trouble in every democracy. In France, as in this country, the abler and better men have so long abstained from an active political life that they now find their public influence reduced almost to a nullity, and discover that they cannot exert effective political power even when they try to. This ought not really to surprise them, for nothing will more quickly forget and ignore you than politics when you consent for any long time to forget and ignore *it*.

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A LESSON IN FINANCE.

THERE is in progress at the present moment an object-lesson in the value of an elastic currency so remarkable that it deserves especial mention. For several months past, the Russian Government has been pursuing what is evidently a concerted plan to reform its coinage. With this in view, gold has been drawn from all countries on which Russian exchange was favorable, and the specie has been flowing steadily into the St. Petersburg reserves. Since January 1, according to its latest published statement, the Imperial Bank of Russia has increased its stock of gold $39,000,000. This increase of the national gold reserve has been carried out, according to economic rule as practised in every civilized modern state except our own, through reduction of the paper currency. Even the circulation of the Bank of Russia has been reduced within the same period $25,550,000.

It happened in this Russian operation, as it did in the similar Austrian episode a few years ago, that Germany was at first the easiest gold market on which to draw. While the Bank of Russia's gold reserve was thus increasing rapidly, the gold supply of the Imperial Bank of Germany, between February 22 and April 7, decreased $23,500,000. At this time, it will be remembered, the United States was negotiating its $100,000,000 loan, our money markets were contracted, and gold shipments from New York had ceased. The Bank of Germany, like other national banks of European states, supplies the needed currency by its own note issues. When the outward gold movement had begun seriously to deplete the Bank's specie reserves, a very perceptible movement to contract this note circulation was adopted. From April 7 to May 26, the notes of the German Bank in outside circulation were reduced $40,000,000. The result was at once apparent in the money market. The Berlin open-market interest rate advanced from 2⅛ per cent. at April's opening to 3 per cent. at the close of May. Immediately the gold depletion ceased. The German Bank's reserves began to rise again. Week before last they had increased $13,750,000 from their recent minimum. This restoration of the gold supply having brought the Bank's reserve once more to a safe percentage of note liabilities, the Bank's report for the next week showed once more a moderate expansion of circulation, with an accompanying decline in money rates. In other words, a simple and scientific process, applied when the circulating medium was relatively in excess, and when the percentage of reserve was running down too rapidly, has served the double purpose of restoring the currency to equilibrium and wholly preventing any doubts as to its security.

Ever since 1890, the currency inflation under the Sherman silver-purchase act had forced the foreign-exchange rates of the United States to so high a level that this country was habitually looked to as the cheapest gold market in the world. Our own insane currency legislation drove out our gold to Europe, and it was merely a question which nation should receive the precious metal. The process of buying gold to keep our Treasury reserve intact resulted in a further heavy redemption of legal tenders, and, by this temporary retirement, an awkward sort of currency contraction was in progress which failed invariably of its object. If the currency of this nation, like that of every other great financial state, were subject to automatic contraction or expansion according to the money market's true requirements, we should long ago have checked the embarrassing gold-export movement, as surely as this season's German export was arrested. If we did not instantly check the specie export, we should at all events, on such occasions, have sustained a safe percentage of reserve to liabilities, instead of witnessing a decline in this reserve percentage, as our Treasury did in 1894, to barely 14 per cent. For a time, this year, as we have said already, the "tying up" of money incidental to the February loan served all this purpose. But meantime confidence and trade activity had flagged, first as a result of the repeated Jingo menaces at Washington, then because of doubt and suspicion respecting the leading candidate for the Presidential nomination. As the needs of trade contracted, the money rate declined, and idle paper currency again piled up in the city depositories.

Finally, exports of gold began again, and the Treasury reserve is now running once more rapidly down the scale. If we were doing business in this country on a properly elastic currency, the recourse would be as obvious as it has been in Germany. Contraction of the circulating medium would probably indeed be automatic. Bank currency would presumably be called in simply because bank loans, needed no longer in a sluggish trade, were paid off by the borrowers. Having no pretence of any such device of modern scientific financiering, our paper currency, once more far in excess of business needs, is piling up again in institution vaults, and more than $22,000,000 gold has gone abroad since April 4. The United States, in fact, a seemingly willing victim, is providing all the gold asked by the Russian Treasury. It is hard to say whether regret at the event, or contempt for the stupid policy which makes it possible, ought in such an episode to be an intelligent American's chief sentiment.

THE PENSIONER AND HIS DOLLAR.

THE German-American Gold-Man-on-a-Gold-Platform League is doing good work in distributing leaflets, showing in what classes of the community the silver swindle is likely to work most damage. For instance, all persons living on wages and salaries, and all depositors in savings-banks, will suffer *at once* by the introduction of a fifty-cent dollar. No matter what glorious future they may promise themselves through a rise in wages and salaries, and consequent surplus for "the bank," what stares them in the face is poverty the moment the money they are paid in becomes payable in silver instead of gold. Not only so, but their poverty will last a long time, for neither a high tariff nor a silver currency will bring a single wage-earner a day's work more than he has now. As to this the inflationists are deluded by the recollection of the good times which accompanied the inflated war currency. The war not only steadily lessened the supply of labor, through the withdrawal of the whole body of soldiers from industry, but created an artificial market in which all products as fast as they were produced and purchased were consumed and destroyed, and which therefore could never be glutted. All this is so plain that if the wage-earner could be induced to look the matter in the face, he would be no more deluded by the promise of prosperity made by the silverites than the manual laborer could be to-day by arguments—once so efficacious—that machinery would prove his ruin.

There is one class addressed by the League which will, however, be even more plainly and shockingly swindled by the silver dollar than the wage-earners—and that is the whole body of men, women, and children on the pension list. The swindle is more plain in this instance than in any other, because a pensioner is in most cases in a position in which he can be but little benefited by any exertions of his own. The $140,000,000 divided annually among the 970,000 pensioners on the rolls will never be affected by a tariff nor by any rise in wages. The moment the silver basis comes, the 970,000 pensioners will have, not $140,000,000, but $70,000,000. The swindle is peculiarly shocking because it falls upon a dependent class which is supposed to have particularly meritorious claims upon the public.

No doubt in the South a great many silverites chuckle over the idea of swindling the pensioners, imagining that the whole body of them are in the North and Northwest, and that for the South to help on the good work of cheating them would be nothing but tit for tat, the South having been unduly taxed for their benefit. But this is a total mistake. Owing to immigration into the South from the North, and other causes, the Southern pension list is very large. There are 13,557 Federal pensioners in West Virginia, 8,043 in Virginia, 7,902 in Texas, 18,017 in Tennessee, 53,959 in Missouri, 3,715 in Mississippi, 12,979 in Maryland, 4,453 in Louisiana, 28,905 in Kentucky, 3,708 in Georgia, 3,217 in Florida, 8,354 in the District of Columbia, 2,730 in Delaware. 10,364 in Arkansas; and even in South Carolina there are 1,717. How many votes this list represents it would be im-

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possible to say; many of them are women and children; others may be colored soldiers or their families; but it must represent a good many votes; perhaps votes enough in one or two States to turn a close election.

In the Northern States, of course, the case is much plainer. The present pension law was passed for the express purpose of getting votes. The effect of silver inflation will be to cheat every pensioner out of half the income which was to be a claim upon his gratitude. In Illinois 68,678 of them will be cheated out of $4,963,823, in Indiana 69,850 of them will be cheated out of a little larger sum —$10,000,000 in round numbers in the two States. In Ohio there will be 105,160 victims, and they will be "done" out of $7,779,283. These three States might alone determine the election. Altogether in the Northern, Northwestern, and Eastern States there are nearly 800,000 victims who will be cheated out of more than $50,000,000 a year by the silver swindle.

A campaign among these victims would be a campaign of education, no doubt, as we have said, and fortunately the Government has a list of them. There are many of them who are women and children, and many of them are negroes who live in States where their votes are of small consequence. But there are many thousands of white voters among them, and the figures given show that it is probable that in several States the pensioner may influence the result conclusively. Even where he has some other means of livelihood he is almost always a person whose pension is a considerable part of his whole income. He is open to argument, and what the German-American League want to do, as we understand their purpose, is to make the silver swindle so plain in its effects upon individuals that the operation shall of itself create a gold party once and for all. The way to do it is to bring it home, not merely to classes in the mass, but the individual in the class; to show the pensioner, the savings-bank depositor, the mill-hand, that his dollar under the new régime will be fifty cents; that his pension will be half what it now is; that his children will get fewer shoes for it, his wife and he less meat; that his rent will be higher, his coal bill larger, and that at the end of every year he will be poorer than he was at the beginning. These are the true pictures of what the political Hungry Joes have in store for him.

THE FRENCH CLAIMS VETO.

THE President's veto of the general deficiency bill is mainly based on the item for the French spoliation claims, amounting to $1,027,314.09. He very justly says that these claims have no proper place in a deficiency bill. But the grounds of the veto are such that he would be required to withhold his approval from any bill which contained them.

The claims arise out of depredations upon American vessels by French privateers between 1791 and 1800, in the course of the Franco-English war, in which we were neutral. These claims were filed at Washington by those injured, and presented by our Government to France, and thus became the subject of negotiation between the two countries. Other matters were pending between them, however, at the same time, and, in the final settlement made, the United States abandoned those private claims, adjusting its own difficulties with France partly through this abandonment. The claimants have ever since contended that this was unjust and gave them an equitable claim on their Government for reimbursement.

The President's reply to this is, first, that the claims are not legal claims; second, that, being founded on our neutral status, they would have no standing if the fact was that this country was not a neutral, but at war with France—there being of course no redress for one belligerent as against another for depredations committed in the course of war—and that, as a matter of fact, the better opinion is that we were then at war with France; third, that it is "confidently alleged" that these claims were really abandoned because they were good for nothing, and that if they were used in obtaining our national settlement with France, this result did not make them good against the United States; fourth, that in the first quarter of the century, while they were still fresh—at a time near the period of the depredations—there was adverse action in the Senate and House, which creates a presumption against them; fifth, that bills for the relief of the claimants have been twice vetoed; sixth, that it is "now estimated" that the claims "may amount" to $25,000,000; seventh, that none of these claims have been paid except $1,300,000, put into the general deficiency bill in the last hours of the session of Congress, March 3, 1891; eighth, that many of the claims are those of insurers, who ought not to be paid under any circumstances.

We have endeavored to state the President's objections fairly, but must point out that he has wholly omitted to refer, except in the most indirect way, to the most important recent facts in the history of the claims. Many people in reading his message must wonder what his reference to cases "pending for examination in the Court of Claims" means; and how it was that $1,300,000 came to be paid at all. The fact is, that after these claims had been before Congress for three-quarters of a century, and after the historical objections urged by the President had been brought up over and over again, and when, in addition to the unfavorable reports and vetoes referred to by him, forty-five reports in Congress had been made in favor of the claims, and after Marshall, Madison, Pickering, Clay, Clinton, Edward Livingston, Everett, Webster, Cushing, Choate, and Sumner had recognized the claims as valid, the whole matter was finally referred to the Court of Claims for a judicial opinion as to their merits, by an act of Congress passed January 20, 1885. This act said nothing about gratuities or largess, but gave permission to such persons, or their representatives (the original claimants being all long since dead), as had "valid claims to indemnity upon the French Government arising out of illegal captures," etc., to apply to the court by petition within two years; directed the court to ascertain and determine the "validity and amount" of the claims; directed the Secretary of State to procure all accessible foreign evidence and documents; and directed the court to make reports of its findings every year—such reports, however, not to be conclusive. Under this act, the claimants presented their evidence and made their arguments, and the United States did the same on its side, and the court on May 17, 1886, in the case of Gray vs. the United States, decided the claims in general to be valid, using the following language:

> "The result which we have reached is supported by resolutions passed in each of the thirteen original States, by twenty-four reports made to the Senate by its committees, by over twenty similar reports made to the House of Representatives, by the fact that, while three adverse reports have been made, one to the Senate and two to the House, no adverse report has been made in either body since the publication of the correspondence in 1826, and by the further facts that the Senate has passed eight bills in favor of these claimants, and the House has passed three of these, of which one is the present law—the other two having been vetoed, one by President Polk, substantially upon grounds not at this time important, the other by President Pierce for reasons which we have considered very fully in this opinion, and with which, after the most careful and painstaking consideration, we cannot agree."

It was now supposed by most persons that the matter was settled, but the unfortunate reservation of the right of Congress to disregard the finding of the court remained. The claimants went on and proved their claims, but until 1891 Congress refused to appropriate money to pay them. In that year $1,300,000 of the claims was passed by Congress, and subsequently paid. Here the matter stands. The validity of the plaintiffs' claims as a whole has been decided in favor of the claimants by the tribunal to which the defendant referred them, and one batch of judgments has been paid by it. It now refuses to pay the rest, on the ground that the plaintiffs have no case.

The President has no doubt killed the claims for the present, but that the claimants will accept his decision as a finality is not to be expected, as there is not a single argument in it that has not been already considered by the Court of Claims and disposed of in their favor. While the result, in sending off the first claimants with their money paid, and denying all redress to the others who stand in exactly the same position, may be the part of financial wisdom at the present time, it is certainly not justice. Those who are familiar with the history of the controversy

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will remain convinced that the French-claims controversy will never be settled until the Government is willing, not only to send the matter to a court, but to abide by its finding.

THE RULE OF THUMB.

THE Society of the Army of the Tennessee determined last year to erect an equestrian monument to Gen. Sherman, and a committee was appointed for the purpose of which Gen. G. M. Dodge was chairman. Conscious, apparently, of their own want of skill and experience in the matter of judging sculpture, they very properly asked four leading American sculptors—J. Q. A. Ward, Augustus St. Gaudens, Olin L. Warner, D. C. French, and a prominent architect, Bruce Price—to aid them in making a selection among the designs for which they had advertised. In this they followed the admirable example of Mr. Burnham at Chicago. He summoned the leading American artists, and asked them to make designs of exhibition buildings and divide the work among themselves. The world knows the result. In other words, he acknowledged that the men who give attention to a thing, and win fame in doing it, especially in matters of taste, are most likely to be right in their judgment about it.

We have said in "matters of taste," but this is really true in all matters. Civilization is built on, and progresses on, the idea that the men who occupy themselves with any pursuit are likely to know more about it than those who do not, and that their advice touching that pursuit is good to take. This is true of war, of literature, of science, and of art in all its branches, of small things as well as great, from arranging a dinner-table to fighting a battle. A man who arranges a dinner-table may be an ass in most things, but if he has long given his attention to this matter of arranging dinner-tables, he is a master in that field, and his word should be listened to. If everybody in the world thought he knew as much about everything as everybody else, social chaos would ensue, and we should end, in a few generations, in the woods, clothed in skins of beasts like our ancestors.

The five artists thus selected promptly complied with the request of the committee, and went to Washington, where they passed judgment on the designs there collected, selected two as of more merit than the others, and recommended that further competition between the authors of these two should be ordered. They acted without compensation, for the honor of Gen. Sherman and the credit of American sculpture. This advice was given, they say, "in the clearest way, and with every precaution to guard against misunderstanding." Far from taking it, the committee promptly proceeded to call for further competition between, it is true, the two recommended by the judges, but also between two others, one of whom had been already specially disapproved, or not at all approved, by the judges. Worse than all, when the award was finally made, it was made, without communication with the judges, to that one of the two supplementary competitors "whose model in the first competition was not considered by the committee of experts as worthy of consideration."

The want of courtesy to the artists called on to advise would be very shocking if we were not used to it in our official life, where old and valuable public servants are often turned out of office without other notice than the appearance of their successors to take their places. But this can readily be overlooked, in view of much more serious considerations. The snub to the judges, coupled with the award, contains the assertion that the committee of the Army of the Tennessee know more about sculpture and are better judges of it than anybody in Europe or America; for this is what I say if I observe that I do not mind what Messrs. Ward, St. Gaudens, Warner, French, and Price say. I put myself on a level with Phidias and other great sculptors of antiquity whose superiority all moderns acknowledge. In the very droll letter from Mr. J. R. Dunlap, editor of the *Engineering Journal*, in defence of the committee's action, which was published in the *Evening Post* on Wednesday week, he not only put the committee before the sculptors, but put Secretary Lamont, Gen. Miles, Gen. Sherman's family, and himself before them. He gave information about the conditions of a good Sherman statue, and about sculptor Rohl-Smith, which would have put Lessing to the blush, and caused the closing of the Beaux-Arts as a useless institution.

Nothing much more extraordinary or discouraging has happened since the days of Vinnie Ream. Our older readers may remember that advocacy of this lady's work developed the fact that both houses of Congress swarmed with some of the best judges of painting and sculpture in the world, and that one man was exactly as good a judge of a picture as another—a fact which can be readily ascertained by frequenting any picture-gallery in the world, on a free day. Application was made here in New York some time ago to the Board of Aldermen for permission to copy one of the portraits in the City Hall—a Stuart, we believe—and the objection was made by an aldermanic connoisseur that the copy might turn out better than the original, be sold for more, and thus lower its value. This shows that there is really no kind of knowledge more widely diffused than art knowledge. Considering this, the enormous sums spent all over the world on art schools and schools of design have always puzzled us. Their promoters say it is to promote art education and art culture among the people. Bless your souls, they do not need it. They have got it. There are Mr. Dunlap, for instance, and Secretary Lamont. We warrant neither has frequented any of your art galleries, and yet they can both give points to Mr. St. Gaudens.

The matter has more than an art bearing; it is symptomatic of many other things. It is another indication of the struggle we have in America to assert the claims of knowledge about everything which does not yield an immediate pecuniary return. The currency question is one of them. The real masters of this question, the men who know, are the men who are daily engaged in the work of exchange. It is they who can tell what is the best measure of value, the best money for civilized men. Yet they are rarely heard from or listened to on this subject. A few years ago the late Mr. Blaine was telling an ignorant audience on the stump that we lost $60,000,000 a year in our trade with Cuba. When you went down to Front Street, and saw the men who carried on the trade with Cuba, you found they were all making money, and when you showed them Blaine's statement, they smiled broadly. At this moment the Western world is filled with the babble of people who do not exchange at all, but insist, with furious gestures, that the exchange dealers and merchants are ignorant fools and base "gold bugs." Every farmer in the South and West, though he has never handled more than $100 in his life, is sure that all the financiers of Europe and the Eastern States are wrong in this matter, and that he knows better than they how to provide "the soundest money the world has had, or can have—the money of the people, the money of civilization through the ages past, and destined to be such for ages to come." We thus see how much time is wasted by the human race on instruction, in study, and in practice.

POLITICAL GENTLEMEN.

MR. LECKY, in his book on Democracy, argues that gentlemen, as a class, are likely to govern other people better than such as are not gentlemen; the reason he gives being that, owing to their position, associations, training, and ambitions, they are more likely to discharge political duties with faithfulness, and to be intelligent, just, and honorable. The suggestion greatly irritates Mr. John Morley, who, in his scathing review of the book, asks, in substance, why gentlemen who idly abuse the bad times over their whiskey and soda in the club smoking-room, should be supposed to be an 'exceptionally good governing class. Talleyrand said: "What is democracy but an aristocracy of blackguards?" and Mr. Morley evidently at bottom thinks that Mr. Lecky is of Talleyrand's opinion. Perhaps he is not far out of the way in this suspicion.

For us the matter has a somewhat different interest from that which it has for Englishmen, because we have never lived in an atmosphere in which gentlemen, as

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such, have been deemed a class specially endowed with political virtue, and the idea, held by so many people only a few years ago, that the degradation of our politics would be ameliorated by introducing gentlemen into them, has not been confirmed by experience. As a rule, instead of politics having been elevated by them, they have been degraded by politics. Some of them have no sooner seen office dangling before their eyes than they have forsworn their whole early training, thrown aside independence and principle, become blind partisans, and made ferocious war upon the causes they had been brought up to fight for. Others have, as in this city, thrown overboard all pretence of decency, made common cause with thieves and blackmailers, and assured their amazed friends that this was what "politics" really meant, and the only way in which government could be carried on. A very few have been driven out of politics because they were too good for it. The greater number have brought a good deal of discredit upon the class from which they came, and the republic would have taken no harm had their places been filled from any other.

Our experiment cannot be cited to show that there is any magical effect produced by making use of gentlemen to elevate politics or keep them pure. Are there any facts which point to a different conclusion?

To answer this or any other question about gentlemen is not easy, because the word gentleman is used in two senses very wide apart. Mr. Morley's criticism of Mr. Lecky illustrates this. When Mr. Lecky speaks of the advantages to be derived from gentlemen taking part in government, what he has in mind is either himself and his friends and acquaintances, or else an ideal gentleman, who has all the best qualities of the class and none of its defects. When, on the other hand, Mr. Morley ridicules the idea of gentlemen's being of much use in politics, he has in mind bigoted Tory squires, bad Irish landlords, and young clubmen who curse the followers of "Gladdy," and wonder how they are going to put their tailor off a few months longer.

Now, everybody has a great respect for gentlemen of the first sort, and no respect at all for gentlemen of the second. To say with emphasis that a man is a gentleman, in our language is proverbially, so far as this world goes, the highest encomium that he can receive. No epithet adds anything to it; on the contrary, it is reduced by epithets, because it implies in our usage all the highest qualities that a man can have among men. A truthful gentleman, a brave gentleman, a reliable gentleman, are pleonastic and even vulgar expressions—pleonastic because the word gentleman implies all these other qualities; vulgar because no one who is a gentleman would be capable of failing to recognize this fact. As the Roman *vir* had by the term itself the qualities which *virtus* implied, so our gentleman has all the qualities which in mediæval theory or fancy went with "gentle" blood. This can be seen by the qualities left out as well as by those included. Virtues peculiar to women are not "connoted"; it has been very justly said that a woman cannot by any possibility have the feelings of a gentleman. It is a man's ideal, and it is not altogether an ideal of moral perfection by any means.

If there were in any country any numerous body of men of this sort in control of the government, the question could hardly arise whether they had qualities adapted to make their services in politics valuable. Inasmuch as they represent the ideal of a race, held up to be admired for generations by its bards, philosophers, romancers, and historians, there can hardly be too many of them in any government. A celebrated lord chancellor, asked by some one what principle he adopted in selecting judges for nomination, said, "I always pick out a gentleman; and if he knows a little law, so much the better." What he meant was that learning could be acquired, but the qualities of character which constitute our ideal must be there already. Unfortunately, however, the gentleman of actual social existence means something very different from this. It is impossible to define the word exactly, but for practical purposes it means any man who either shares in or is recognized as fitted to share in the society which is generally regarded in any community as the best. The qualifications for admission are so different at different times and in different places that it is impossible to enumerate them. In one place family alone will answer; in another mere wealth, accompanied by a very slight modicum of manners, will be enough; in all, occupation counts, but very differently in different countries. We rarely meet apothecaries or dentists in society. In Austria, however, a country governed in great measure by an aristocracy, we have known an apothecary at the head of a Spa administration, and an officer compelled to fight a duel with another apothecary — gentlemen all. In many places in England the local school-teacher is not a gentleman.

Used in this sense, the word means nothing but a certain social distinction, which is far removed from indicating with any certainty the possession of qualities specially adapted for the discharge of political trusts. On the contrary, it indicates almost nothing with regard to character. In the course of a year every one meets dozens of gentlemen who have hardly a moral quality or peculiarity in common. They may be brave or cowardly, truth-tellers or liars, faithful or unfaithful. A man may be a ruffian among his wife and daughters, treacherous, a miser, corrupt, and still pass in society for a gentleman, if he has never done anything for which this society itself looks askance at him. In fact, a gentleman remains a gentleman, no matter what he does, until something or other happens which makes it necessary for society, as a matter of self-preservation, to eject him. Formerly, no doubt, birth was essential; but, even in those remote days, a gentleman by birth was not *ipso facto* a Colonel Newcome in character. George IV., Sheridan, Byron, and Talleyrand himself were all gentlemen. The mad King of Bavaria who bankrupted his kingdom for the sake of art, was a gentleman, though very fond of the society of those who were not. In New York, conviction of crime will rule a man out in most cases.

If what we have said is true, there can hardly be a presumption that a man recognized among his fellows as a gentleman for social purposes will therefore probably make a good legislator, cabinet minister, governor. So far as he has the qualities with which we endow our manly ideal in song and story, he is indubitably qualified. As a test of fitness, the fact that a man is a gentleman will not do, in politics, any more than it will in railroads, engineering, surgery, law, architecture, or art. The standard has the defect of having little or no intrinsic value, except for the purpose for which it is used—which is purely social.

TWO NEW GERMAN TRAGEDIES.

CAMBRIDGE, May 25, 1896.

ERNST VON WILDENBRUCH and Gerhart Hauptmann are, in a way, representatives of two extremes in contemporary German literature: Wildenbruch fiery, passionate, rhetorical. Hauptmann dreamy, brooding, visionary; Wildenbruch, an ardent monarchist, a zealous supporter of the present régime, seeing the salvation of Germany in a continued supremacy of Bismarckian principles; Hauptmann, a Democrat if not a Socialist, in deepest sympathy with the sufferings of the "disinherited," hoping for the millennium of universal brotherhood. Wildenbruch, an idealist of the straightforward, unreflective type, sunny, serene, somewhat inclined toward melodramatic effects; Hauptmann, a strange mixture of a pessimistic realism and of a mystic faith in the glory of the unseen, disdaining all that is not absolutely genuine and true. Wildenbruch the greater playwright; Hauptmann the greater poet. This contrast of artistic temper, while it marks the whole literary career of the two men, has never been brought out more conspicuously than in the two great historical dramas which have been the event of the year on the Berlin stage: Hauptmann's "Florian Geyer" and Wildenbruch's "Heinrich und Heinrichs Geschlecht."

That Wildenbruch's "Heinrich" should have easily carried off the crown of popular success, is not surprising. As a stage show it is simply overwhelming. Here we have all the brilliancy of diction, the intensity of action, the irresistible surging up to a grand climax which give eternal youth to Schiller's dramas; and, added thereto, we have the lifelikeness, the palpability, the breadth of detail, in which modern realism revels. Here we see, indeed, the gigantic figure of History herself striding over the stage, but we also see our own feelings, longings, and aspirations embodied in human forms, and recognize them as the real movers

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and makers of national destinies. The subject of the drama is a struggle which, as Bismarck has said, dates back to the days when Agamemnon quarrelled with Calchas, the struggle between king and priest. The principal combatants in this struggle are Henry IV. and Gregory VII.; the prize for which it is fought out is Germany. With true dramatic instinct Wildenbruch throughout the play—which is intended for two successive evenings—maintains himself on the very height of his subject; he leaps, as it were, from catastrophe to catastrophe, leaving it to the imagination of his hearers to make its way after him through the dark glens and ravines that lead up to these shining mountain peaks.

In the beginning we see Henry as a boy, an impetuous, imperious youth, smarting under the discipline of a fanatically religious mother, burning with the desire to equal the fame of his heroic father, at last thrust into the prison walls of monastic asceticism under the tutorship of Anno, Archbishop of Cologne. Next he appears as King, in the acme of his power. He has subdued the rebellious Saxons; he enters triumphantly his faithful Worms; he is received by the citizens as the protector of civil freedom against princely tyranny and clerical arrogance; all Germany seems to rise in a grand ovation to her beloved leader. Intoxicated by his success, he resents all the more deeply the paternal admonitions of Pope Gregory about the looseness of his private life which are just then conveyed to him; he insists on being crowned Emperor at once; and, when this request is not complied with, he allows himself to be carried away by his indomitable wrath, he forces his bishops into that insulting letter by which Gregory is declared a usurper, a felon, a blasphemer, to be driven out from the sanctuary of the Church which he pollutes by his presence.

And now we are introduced to the other great character of the drama, to the opposite of this fiery, unmanageable young ruler, to Gregory, the self possessed and self abasing priest, the man in whose soul there seems to be no room for any passion except the passion for the cause of the Church, for the triumph of the spirit over the flesh, and who nevertheless harbors in his breast, unknown to himself, the most consuming ambition and the most colossal egotism. We see him sitting *in cathedra* in the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore. Suppliants and criminals are brought before him. A Flemish count, who has committed murder, and who has in vain fled throughout the length and breadth of Europe in quest of delivery from the anguish of his tormented conscience, beseeches the Pope to put an end to his wretched life; Gregory, instead, holds out to him the hope of salvation through joining a crusade. A Roman noble, who in robber-knight fashion has made an assault upon the Pope, and who by the clergy and the people has been condemned to death for this crime, is pardoned by Gregory—"for he has sinned, not against the Church, the holy one, but against Gregory, a poor, feeble mortal." A lay brother of St. Peter's, who, disguised as priest, has taken money from foreign pilgrims for reading mass to them, and who by the clergy and the people has been sentenced to a fine and exile, is ordered by Gregory to be thrown into the Tiber—"for he has sinned against the Church, he has cheated human souls of their salvation."

These scenes have just passed before our eyes when the messengers of King Henry, bearing the letter of libel and vilification, are admitted. Gregory is the only one who in the tumult that follows its reading remains absolutely calm; he protects the messenger himself against the rage of the Romans; he forgives Henry, the man, for what he has said against Gregory, the man.

"For what he has said against the head of the Holy Church, for that let Henry be cursed! I forbid all Christians to serve thee as a King, I release them from the oath that they have sworn thee. Thou, darkness revolting against light, return to chaos! Thou, wave revolting against the ocean, return to naught! No bell shall be sounded in the city where Henry dwells, no church be opened, no sacrament be administered. Where Henry dwells, death shall dwell! Let my legates go forth and announce my message to the world!"

The climax of the whole drama is, as it should be, the Canossa catastrophe. It is here that Gregory, the victor in the political game, succumbs morally; that Henry, the vanquished, rises in his native greatness. It is here that Gregory, with all his soaring idealism, reveals himself as an inhuman monster; that Henry, with all his faults and frailties, arouses to the full the sympathy which we cannot help feeling for a bravely struggling man.

The excommunication of Henry has plunged Germany into civil war. A rival king, Rudolf of Swabia, has been proclaimed. He and the chiefs of his party have come to Canossa to obtain the papal sanction for their revolt. Gregory clearly sees that Rudolf is nothing but a figure-head, a mere tool in the hands of fanatic conspirators, totally unfit to rule an empire. He clearly feels it his duty to discountenance this revolt, to restore peace to Germany by making his peace with Henry. But the demon of ambition lurking in his breast beguiles him with a vision of world dominion: he, the servant of the servants of God, shall be the arbiter of Europe; he, the plebeian, shall see the crowns of kings roll before him in the dust. He does *not* discountenance Rudolf and his set; and when Henry appears before the castle, broken and humiliated, asking for absolution from the ban, Gregory remains unmoved. For three days and nights the King stands before the gate in ice and snow; for three days and nights the Pope sits in his chair, speechless, sleepless, refusing to eat or drink. At last, the intercession of Henry's mother, who, herself in the shadow of death, has come to pray for her son's salvation, softens Gregory's heart: he admits Henry to his presence. Henry appears, a king even in his misery. He bends his knee before the Pope, he confesses his guilt, he acknowledges the justice of his punishment. The reconciliation is brought about. Just then Henry's glance falls upon Rudolf and his followers standing in the background. He greets them as friends, thinking that they have come to renew their allegiance to him. But they rudely repulse him, and boast of the Pope's intention to acknowledge Rudolf as King. And Gregory does *not* contradict them. With fearful suddenness Henry sees what a shameful game has been played with him; and yet he masters himself, he makes one last appeal to whatever there is of true feeling in his opponent:

"God, help me against myself! Christ, Saviour, who wast thyself a king among the heavenly host and didst bow thy neck under the scourge, help me against myself! (*He turns abruptly toward Gregory.*) Once before I knelt before thee—I did it for myself. (*He falls down on his knees.*) Here, a second time, I lie before thee, for Germany lie I here! Break thy silence! Thy silence is the coffin in which the happiness of Germany is entombed! If thou didst know how unhappy this Germany is thou wouldst speak—speak! Thou, ordained by God to bring peace to the world, let me take peace with me on my way to Germany, not war, not howling civil war!"

And Gregory remains silent! From here on to the end of the drama there is nothing but revenge, and revenge on revenge. And this work of destruction does not stop until both Gregory and Henry have breathed their last. Both men die in defeat and desolation; both die inwardly unbroken—Gregory trusting in the future triumph of the Church, Henry trusting in the indestructible vitality of the German people.

A few words may be added about Hauptmann's "Florian Geyer," although it is impossible to do justice to this work except by reading and analyzing it scene by scene. The defects of Hauptmann's dramatic style are here, perhaps, more clearly visible than in any previous production of his. The lack of unity, the absence of a true hero, which were seen in "Die Weber," characterize this drama also. And, in addition to this, there is a slowness and diffuseness of movement which must be fatal to its effect as a theatrical piece. And yet it is impossible to resist the impression that here we are face to face with the creation of a great artist. Hauptmann sees things not as they appear on the stage, but as they are in life. He seems to have no thought of how his figures may affect his hearers. He simply tells what he sees, and he tells it with that wonderful directness which is the privilege of children and poets. Not a phrase which could not thus have been spoken; not an event which could not thus have taken place; not a character which would not probably have taken just this turn; and, beneath all this realism, that strange belief in a hidden life which makes us feel that all these outward happenings are only feeble manifestations of some grand mysterious central force working under their surface. This is the manner in which Hauptmann in this drama makes us live through the great German peasant revolt of the sixteenth century, its glorious beginning and its miserable end; its hopes, triumphs, excesses, massacres, failures; its noble enthusiasm, its dark fanaticism, its savageness and greed, its egotism and pettiness. And it is not too much to say that in order to understand what is implied by the word "Revolution," one could do no better than to study the details of this strangely monotonous and strangely fascinating picture of popular wrath and popular delusion.

That German literature during the last decade has entered upon a new era of genuine productivity must have been clear for some time past to every intelligent observer. That this new movement should have acquired sufficient strength to produce, only a year or two after the triumphs achieved by "Heimat" and "Die Weber," two dramas of such heroic dimensions and such extraordinary power as Hauptmann's "Florian Geyer" and Wildenbruch's "Heinrich," is nevertheless a surprise, and seems to justify the hopes of those who see in the present revolt against conventions the dawn of another epoch of classic perfection of form.

KUNO FRANCKE.

MADAME DE CHASTENAY.

PARIS, May 21, 1896.

THE period of transition between the Terror and the establishment of the Empire will always possess the greatest interest; we find in it the remaining representatives of the old régime mixing with the representatives of an entirely new social order. The émigrés are returning one by one from their exile; they are anxious to have their names struck off from the lists which marked their persons for the

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guillotine and their estates for confiscation. They are no longer in fear of the guillotine, but they are still under the eye of the police; they have found a part of their estates sold as national estates, oftentimes to their ancient dependants; they try to save what still remains unsold. They are obliged to solicit the help of the men in power; they are seen in the anterooms of the Terrorists who made the ninth Thermidor; they present petitions to the Directors; they see a new Paris, new fortunes, new dresses, new manners—a new France. This contrast has seldom been shown in a better light than in the memoirs, recently published, of Madame de Chastenay, who belonged to a distinguished family of Burgundy. Born in Paris in 1771, she died at Châtillon-sur-Seine only on May 9, 1855. I have known a few persons who saw her in her old age, and who were habitués of her salon. She was always called Madame de Chastenay (though she had never been married), by virtue by her title of Canoness, given to her when she was only fourteen. This title was conferred only on ladies who could prove the nobility of their paternal and maternal families for a number of generations by written documents. It was in itself a mark of the highest gentility. Some of the abbeys which conferred the rank of Canoness were so strict (for instance, the Abbey of Remiremont in Lorraine) that it would have been impossible for the ladies of the highest rank, even for the Princess of Bourbon, to become canonesses in them on account of some misalliance or of some morganatic union.

We can therefore take it for granted, without losing ourselves in genealogies without interest, that Mlle. de Chastenay was of the purest aristocratic class or set. Her father was an officer of dragoons. At the age of fourteen she was named Canoness of Épinal (her aunt was Abbess of Épinal). The proofs had been made according to rule, a paternal filiation of eight nobles *d'épée*, and the same number on the maternal side:

"I remember that at vespers the whole chapter [there were twenty ladies in all] came to take me from my aunt's house. I had a black gown. One of the knights of the chapter gave me his hand; the garrison band preceded us. When we arrived in the choir of the church, I kneeled; the abbess said to me, 'What do you ask, my daughter?' Answer: 'The bread and the wine of Saint Goëry [the patron of the chapter], to serve God and the holy Virgin.' I had to eat some biscuit, to wet my lips in a cup; they put on me a great blue cordon, with a hanging cross, a long mantle fringed with ermine, a black veil. A Te-Deum was sung, the procession returned in the same order, and a ball began at my aunt's. I amused myself much at this ball, as well as at those which succeeded during the five days of my stay at Épinal. I had wept during the ceremony, but the dance consoled me very rapidly."

Mlle. de Chastenay was eighteen years old in 1789; she was very intelligent and quite capable of understanding all the questions which agitated the country before the Revolution. She was reading Montesquieu, Locke, Mably, and a thousand political productions of the time. "I loved liberty," she says with a rare candor. "I was, in the fullest sense of the term, a very 'exalted' person." When the election to the States-General took place, her father was elected by the nobility of the bailiwick of Châtillon in Burgundy. Mlle. de Chastenay analyzes very well the sentiments which animated the order of the nobility at the States-General. In the elections, the question at issue between the candidates was the vote per caput or the vote by order. The vote per caput implied the principle of popular representation, in which the three orders were to be merged; the vote by order implied the political distinction of the ancient orders of the nobility, the clergy, and the Tiers-État. At Versailles the order of the nobility divided promptly. The majority was formed of the nobles who from this moment were called aristocrats—chiefly provincial nobles, who had not lived at court, and who lived on their estates. The minority was liberal; it comprised the most brilliant young men, whose families were accustomed to live at court, the leaders of fashion, the young officers who had fought in the American war. The Duke of Orleans, a prince of the blood, belonged to this minority. The members of the majority meant to maintain the privileges of their order, with the exception of the pecuniary privileges, which they were willing to sacrifice, and to preserve the prerogative of the Crown. The minority was prepared to make all needful sacrifices to work in harmony with the Tiers-État.

Mlle. de Chastenay was, like her father, an ardent admirer of the reformers. "I was," she says, "*dans le délire*." She tells us the story of the first events of the Revolution in a graphic manner. Her *délire* received great shocks when she saw an "odious multitude" take Louis XVI. back from Versailles to Paris. "Some men had loaves of bread on their pikes or their bayonets; but, what people will find difficult of belief, the heads of the murdered Guards preceded, borne in triumph, and, by a horrible refinement, they had their bloody hair *frisé* at Sèvres. The National Guard marched behind these horrible banners." Mlle. de Chastenay remained in Burgundy during the winter of 1789-1790; she returned to Paris in the spring, and found the tide of emigration in full force, and society having for its *mot d'ordre*, "The King is captive and all his acts are forced." She spent the worst times of the Terror in Rouen, and nothing can be more interesting than her narrative of the life which she led in the capital of Normandy during this terrible period. There is a realism in her account which transcends in its eloquence the declamation of many writers:

"The life which we led was of great simplicity and of profound obscurity. The art of the time was to isolate one's self. . . . We had no illusions; we said to each other, my brother and myself, when walking in the evening in the delicious vales round Rouen, that within six months we should all fall under the axe of the Revolution. Still, the flowers charmed us, we made drawings, we indulged in music, we read novels, we had our moments of pleasure; and after our violent and sudden emotions we experienced every day those movements of joy which resemble hope. The days succeeded each other. Mamma had heroic courage; and we had been forbidden to hear the horrible reading of papers. . . . A complete famine, an absolute poverty, added to the misery of the times; the *maximum* made it complete. A deputy named Siblot appeared in Rouen, and, as meat was becoming scarce, he gave orders that not a pound of it should be sold. . . . People had to form in *queue* at the baker's; a few pounds of rice would have been called a monopoly. . . . A ring at the door-bell caused us horrible pains and a cold sweat."

A member of the Convention named Alquier was sent to Rouen on a mission. He knew the father of Mlle. de Chastenay, and was able to protect him.

"Regicide through fear, he yet voted for the appeal to the people, and hoped thus to save his own life and not to commit a crime. I know how this mixture of acts and sentiments will seem odious to persons fortunate enough never to have sinned, perhaps because they never had occasion to do so. We were under the greatest obligations to M. Alquier. . . . We had also in the committee a very obliging protector, M. Godebin, a dyer, who was not a bad man, but whose manners and tone, without being inspired by the great wrath of the *Père Duchesne*, were far from mild. My father, towards five o'clock in the morning, paid him short visits, and received from him rules of conduct; in no way to attract attention was the primary lesson. My father ordered, by his advice, a coat styled *carmagnole*, so as to appear on the street dressed like everybody else."

A law of April 16, 1794, directed against suspected persons and the nobles, forbade the latter to remain in Paris or in the maritime cities. Mlle. de Chastenay had to return with her father and mother to Châtillon. They had to pass round Paris by Saint Denis and Charenton; it was on the day when Mme. Elizabeth ascended the guillotine. The poor travellers met with constant and touching pity among the people in their difficult journey. "My brother having left the carriage while the postillion was mending something, they remained for a few minutes together, sad and silent; 'So you are a nobleman,' at last said the postillion. 'Yes,' answered my brother. 'Oh, God!' said the postillion with a great sigh, and remounted his horse." It was so everywhere along the road; at Châtillon they found the Terror in full force. By an unfortunate mistake, the name of M. de Chastenay had been placed, in his absence, on the list of the émigrés, and he had to hide himself. Mlle. de Chastenay was imprisoned. We learn from her what a provincial prison was in 1794. She had to live in the same room as the concierge, his wife, several children and several prisoners. Her father was arrested, taken to Dijon, and from Dijon to Paris. The 9th Thermidor saved him; he had had the good fortune to be defended before the tribunal by Réal, who was to play an important part in Mlle. de Chastenay's life. Réal was a lawyer and gave himself up to the defence of the accused. "Witty, animated, with a shining talent; good, natural, full of sensibility, he espoused my father's cause with enthusiasm." The admiration thus expressed for the man who saved her father's life was the beginning of a *liaison* which lasted nearly all her life.

Mlle. de Chastenay behaved very courageously before the municipality of Châtillon; she was set free, but the times were still very troubled. The 9th Thermidor had not put an immediate end to the Terror. "The day which followed the acquittal of my father was," she says, "marked in Paris by the apotheosis of Marat—that is to say, by the transfer of his remains to the Pantheon." Mlle. de Chastenay spent the autumn of 1794 in Dijon; she was at Châtillon in 1795, and had occasion to see there an officer of artillery, Marmont (who became Marshal Marmont). "The young officer had just come from the army of Provence, then called the army of Italy; he was accompanied by General Bonaparte, a general of artillery, who was on his way to Nantes, where he was to take command of the army of the West. M. de Marmont was his friend, but not his aide-de-camp. The General, who was then twenty-six years old, had been educated at the Military School with a cousin of M. de Marmont." General Bonaparte was accompanied by his brother Louis, who was then sixteen years old, and was himself getting his education. Mlle. de Chastenay made the acquaintance of Bonaparte; her face had struck him. She had with him a conversation which lasted four hours after dinner (people dined then at two o'clock).

"I am sorry not to have written down our conversation; there are only fragments of it in my mind. . . . I soon discovered that the General had no republican faith or maxims. I was surprised, but he was absolutely frank

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on the subject. He spoke of the resistance which the Revolution had met; the resistance was not over, and success was impossible. . . . The General told me, what was true, that the mass of the army was wholly alien to the bloody events of which France had been the theatre; it ignored them completely, and he seemed to believe that the army, always in the hands of the *de facto* authority, would not interfere with parties, and would take on no special color. Bonaparte spoke of the poems of Ossian, whom he admired, of 'Paul and Virginia'; he spoke of happiness. He said that for a man it ought to consist in the highest development of his faculties.

"At the time when this conversation, memorable for me, took place, I had the intimate conviction that whoever should offer a centre to opinion would seize the helm which was in nobody's hand, would dare to call himself, and would in effect become, chief and king, and would find no obstacle, because nothing was established, and no man fixed the confidence or even the attention of all. I think that I said so, and it would be singular that I should thus have been his prophetess. I know positively that, preoccupied with this idea, I spoke of it to everybody. . . . My memory does not give me any assurance of having laid this idea before Bonaparte. However, he always remembered our conversation, and I do not think that it was because I spoke to him of Virginia and of Ossian."

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON'S LIBRARY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Ford's 'Washington,' vol. xiv., p. 286, there is some account of the Bishop Wilson Bible which Washington gave in his will to Bryan, Lord Fairfax, with a few remarks about the circumstances of its acquisition by Washington. In a search among the Washington papers in the State Department for information about the gathering of Washington's library, I found a letter from Clement Cruttwell, which explains how Washington came by the Wilson Bible, and a copy of which I enclose. The Concordance mentioned in the letter is now in the Washington collection in the Boston Athenæum, a catalogue of which is now in the press. According to Mr. Ford, the Bible is now in the Library of Congress.

Very truly yours,

Appleton P. C. Griffin.

Boston Athenæum, June 3, 1896.

Wokingham Berkshire May 1st 1794

Sir,—By the Will of the late Dr Wilson Prebendary of Westminster & Rector of S. Stephens Walbrook in London I was directed to transmit to your Excellency a Copy of his Fathers Works, the Venerable Bishop of Sodor & Man; and the English Bible in which are contained the Notes of the good Bishop.—I have yet delayed to fulfill the desire of my friend that I might at the same time have the honour of requesting a place in your Library for a work of my own A Concordance, by me intended as a Companion to the Bible. That you may long enjoy the Honours you have so well deserved in a country of peace & prosperity is the fervent wish and prayer of Your Excellency's

most obedient Servant and admirer

Clement Cruttwell.

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Recently I had occasion to make a remittance to a correspondent in the city of Guatemala, Central America. I sent a bank draft for $25, drawn by a Chicago bank on a New York bank. Under date of May 16 I am advised by my correspondent in Guatemala, "Your check of $25 realized in this money $53, which amount is placed to your credit."

Just at this time a plain statement of facts such as the above may help some of those who are in the air theorizing to get back to terra firma and common sense. What honest man of ordinary intelligence can face the proposition

$25 00 = $53.00

and not realize that those who are clamoring for 16-to-1 silver are more dangerous to our country than if they were engaged in an open insurrection? A nation can stand wounds and hard raps and deprivations and come out all right, but it can't stand an unlimited amount of mind-poisoning.—Very respectfully,

A. T. H. Brower.

Chicago, June 4, 1896.

Notes.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish 'Sport in the Alps,' by W. A. Baillie-Grohman, with numerous illustrations from instantaneous photographs.

G. P. Putnam's Sons issue immediately 'Camping in the Canadian Rockies,' by Walter D. Wilcox, with many plate and text illustrations.

'A Cycle of Cathay,' by Dr. W. A. P. Martin; a Life of Robert Whitaker McAll, founder of the mission which bears his name; and a Life of Dr. A. J. Gordon, are in the press of Fleming H. Revell Co.

The Macmillan Co., as we must now denominate the newly incorporated firm, have in preparation a 'Kipling Birthday Book,' with decorative illustrations from the deft hand of the elder Kipling; and 'Humphry Davy, Poet and Philosopher,' in the "Century Science Series."

Henry Holt & Co. will make a book of Horace Annesley Vachell's serial story, 'The Quicksands of Pactolus,' lately running in the *Overland Monthly*.

Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston, will bring out the lectures recently delivered in this city and elsewhere by Prince Volkonsky, under the title, 'Pictures of Russian History and Literature,' with an introduction by Prof. C. E. Norton.

'The Graduate Courses', for 1896-'97, offered by twenty-three of our leading colleges and universities, is just ready. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn are the publishers.

A coöperative volume, 'The Cambridge of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Six,' with the imprint of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will be a permanent outcome of the current celebration of that Massachusetts city's fiftieth anniversary of corporate existence.

The Peter Paul Book Co., Buffalo, have nearly ready a 'Dictionary of Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Tonawanda, and Vicinity,' with maps and illustrations.

Way & Williams, Chicago, announce 'The Sonnet in England, and Other Essays,' by the late James Ashcroft Noble; a volume of essays by Mrs. Meynell, 'The Color of Life'; and 'From Cairo to the Sudan Frontier,' by H. D. Traill.

'In the Kingdom of the Shah,' by E. Treacher Collins, is a timely publication to be expected from T. Fisher Unwin.

Mr. T. Hamilton Crawford's illustrations in line and wash were not unworthy to be made the occasion of a fresh edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's "picturesque notes" of his 'Edinburgh' (Macmillan), a work having, in addition to the author's wonted charm of style, an historical value. Perhaps the style will not bear comparison with George Borrow's in the stirring Edinburgh chapter of 'Lavengro,' where one may read of mob warfare between Old Town and New, of which even the memory has disappeared from Stevenson's annals. The volume is beautifully made. The same firm sends us two more volumes of its Dickens reprint, edited by the younger Dickens, containing (1) 'The Uncommercial Traveller' and 'A Child's History of England,' and (2) a number of pieces from *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, chronologically arranged, excepting "The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices," written in collaboration with Wilkie Collins, which is reserved for the end, and furnishes nearly a fourth of the volume. Finally, we report further progress in Mr. Gollancz's dainty edition of Shakspere (Dent-Macmillan), by the appearance of "Julius Cæsar," "Romeo and Juliet," "Timon of Athens," and "Titus Andronicus."

The Harpers have given a handsome new dress to Mark Twain's anti-slavery tract, 'The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,' providing it with a frontispiece portrait of the author and with some rather slight illustrations by E. W. Kemble. Its power to interest and amuse has suffered nothing in the dozen years since it first saw the light.

Messrs. Putnam have published apart from Mr. M. D. Conway's edition of Thomas Paine's Writings the 'Age of Reason' in a thin volume uniform with 'The Rights of Man.' An introduction by Mr. Conway has much curious information to impart about the fortunes of the work at the hands of editors, printers, and translators.

A little volume styled 'McKinley's Masterpieces' has been put together by R. L. Paget and published, with a portrait, by the Joseph Knight Co. of Boston. The editor assures us that "No American of this age can afford not to read McKinley's speeches." There is a sense in which this may, unhappily, become a truth; but in the evil day of his candidacy it will be needful to go to the larger collection made by the aspirant himself with a view to the impending contingency, for a just appreciation of the dull, commonplace, untrained, incoherent mind of the rigger of the St. Louis convention. Still, let us quote this "masterly" definition of the "good dollars" the now silent Ohioan wanted in 1890 (June 25), speaking in his place in the House: "As good in the hands of the poor as the rich; equal dollars, equal in inherent merit, equal in purchasing power, whether they be paper dollars, or gold dollars, or silver dollars, or Treasury notes—each convertible into the other and each exchangeable for the other, because each is based upon equal value and has behind it equal security; good, not by fiat of law alone, but good because the whole commercial world recognizes its inherent and inextinguishable value."

Mr. Temple Scott's 'Book Sales of 1895' (London: Henry Stevens' Son & Stiles) challenges comparison with Elliot Stock's 'Book-Prices Current' for the same year. The new-comer is more elegant, but not, we think, more exact, in its typography, is not alphabetically arranged under each sale as in the rival compilation, and only rarely names the purchaser. Its index has a certain superior convenience in that it often repeats the dates of the works catalogued. Finally, the volume, though standing as high on the shelf, is somewhat thicker and broader than 'Book-Prices Current.' The latter seems the more inclusive, but we have made no searching test of this, and are, for our own part, glad to have both

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volumes at hand, while not persuaded that the book-buying public needs the double service.

If one were to judge merely from the numerous attempts and repeated failures, the task of writing an account of the government of the United States for the use of schools would have to be set down as one of extraordinary difficulty. We had supposed that the old method of commenting upon the clauses and phrases of the Constitution seriatim had been long since abandoned; but Prof. Allen E. Rogers returns to it in 'Our System of Government' (Orono, Me.: The Author), and with rather unsatisfactory results. The book is really an elementary text book of "civil government," with frequent excursions into constitutional law; but, while there is too little law for the lawyers, we fear there is a great deal too much for the schools, at the same time that the detailed information regarding the practical workings of government in the United States is comparatively slight. There is a chapter on the Constitution and administrative organization of Maine which will have some local interest and importance.

Another volume in Methuen & Co.'s series of classical translations has reached us, Cicero's 'De Natura Deorum.' The translator, Mr. Francis Brooks of University College, Bristol, is not without skill in the art. His version is close, yet idiomatic; readable, without being disfigured by the modern colloquialisms with which many recent translators, while seeking after liveliness, succeed only in bringing the classics down to their own level of mediocrity. We should have welcomed fuller notes than those which Mr. Brooks has given us, and we may repeat that a translation, to be really useful, should have, at the top of every page, references to the book and section of the original.

M. Deloche, in his 'Le Port des Anneaux dans l'antiquité romaine et dans les premières siècles du moyen âge,' by no means exhausts a subject which in those periods was concerned with public and official as well as with private life. It is, in fact, much too extensive for treatment, like his, in the "Mémoires de l' Académie," and it deserves a large volume to itself. His brochure, however, may serve to map out the ground and to show the divisions into which a fuller investigation may conveniently fall, for he has a good conception of its broader outlines and is capable of taking wide views of the field. It is in details that he breaks down, and indeed he seems better acquainted with the mediæval than with the classical part of his subject. It is suspicious when a writer refers to Plautus (*M. G.* 95), as evidence that rings were used in betrothals so early as the second century B. C., when in fact the ring there in question is supposed to be sent as a love-token by a married woman to her lover! It looks almost worse to find Terence cited as authority for *Roman* life without a hint of his Greek originals. And M. Deloche does not seem to understand the principle on which the ring was given in betrothals—as a symbol of *arrha*, earnest money to bind a bargain. For, to the old Roman, marriage was nothing if not a business contract. On the whole, we cannot recommend M. Deloche to any but collectors of material.

The fourth volume of Coppée's 'Mon Franc-parler' (Paris: Lemerre) contains many pages of excellent reading, notably those on Bourget, Les Parnassiens, and Alexandre Dumas.

Dr. Henri Lion's thesis for the doctorate forms a solid volume on a solid subject, 'Les Tragédies et les théories dramatiques de Voltaire' (Paris: Hachette). Naturally enough, having read and reread the tragedies, having studied the correspondence and the criticisms, friendly or hostile, Dr. Lion ends by having a pretty high opinion of Voltaire as a dramatist, and a still higher one of him as a Force, with a capital. It is not possible to agree fully with this writer, but one is grateful to him for the conscientious piece of work he has produced, and which becomes at once indispensable to students of the drama or of Voltaire. The book is full of valuable information.

Boussod, Valadon & Co., 303 Fifth Avenue, send us the first parts of the annual "Figaro Salon," each of which is accompanied by a color print of double size. M. Philippe Gille supplies the discourse for the illustrations; his task has not been easy this year.

The Atlas of the Pacific Ocean lately issued by the Deutsche Seewarte at Hamburg follows similar works for the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, and will soon be supplemented by a sailing handbook of thorough German quality —a quality commonly regarded as too high for our run of seamen, but greatly appreciated by those of more scientific training. The charts of the winds for the opposite seasons are perhaps of the most general interest. Here we see the southeast trades persistent in the eastern south torrid ocean, but gradually curving to join the Australian northwest monsoon of the southern summer, or extending far beyond the equator as the southeast monsoon of Asia, even as far north as the Sea of Okhotsk in the northern summer. The prevailing westerly winds of far southern latitudes maintain their considerable strength with small change the year round, but those of the high northern latitudes vary from gales in winter to moderate winds in summer. The charts of ocean currents are also prepared for the opposite seasons; these exhibit with great clearness the variation of the counter current that flows eastward north of the equator, broad and fully developed in our summer, narrow and weak in our winter. Agreeably to the theory that ascribes the equatorial counter currents to the monsoon-like deflection of the trades as they cross the equator into the summer hemisphere, a counter current appears trending along the Solomon Islands, east of New Guinea, during the summer. In this same region, the Pacific has tropical cyclones in January and February; thus repeating in both these features the habit of the Indian rather than of the Atlantic Ocean.

The liberalizing spirit of to-day asserts itself in the latest recommendation of the Council of the Senate of Cambridge University in favor of the affiliation of St. Edmund's College, Old Hall, Ware. This Roman Catholic College claims to be the oldest seat of higher education in England belonging to the Romish Church, having in 1793 become the recognized successor to the original college of Douai, France, established in the sixteenth century for the education of English priests. The curriculum of St. Edmund's College, hitherto based on the requirements for the Arts degrees at London University, will in the future be arranged so as to harmonize with the courses at the University of Cambridge.

Certain reactionary influences of college life in a university town are no less strikingly shown by the results of a recent plébiscite taken by the *Cambridge Review*, to test the feeling among resident members of this same English university, below the degree of M.A., in regard to the admission of women to Cambridge degrees. Out of 2,830 post-cards distributed for voting purposes, 2,138 were promptly returned, filled out; of this number 1,692, or nearly 80 per cent., were against the granting of degrees to women, and only 437, or less than 21 per cent., in favor of it; four cautious spirits reported themselves as neutral on the subject.

The new Southern History Association will hold its first annual meeting at Columbian University, Washington, on June 12, at eight P. M. The programme includes an inaugural address by the President, Postmaster-General Wilson, and seven papers, limited to twenty minutes in length, with five minutes for comment. Headquarters will be at the Ebbitt House.

A confusion favored by family affiliations occurred in our notice last week of Recent Poetry, when we attributed (p. 438, middle column) 'Songs from the Greek' to Jane Sedgwick Minot in place of Jane Minot Sedgwick, to whom we tender an apology.

—Some years ago Prof. Alois Brandl (then of Göttingen, now of Berlin) startled Chaucerians by a new thesis concerning "The Squire's Tale." He maintained that this poem, hitherto regarded as one of the most spontaneous and spirited of Chaucer's works, was nothing but an allegorical account of the matrimonial infelicities of John of Gaunt's daughter Elizabeth. Though supported with much acuteness and some learning, this hypothesis was palpably untenable, and it was accordingly withdrawn by its author after it had "walked the town awhile." Since then little has been done for "The Squire's Tale," and discussion of its sources has pretty well ceased. The latest number of the "Publications" of the American Modern Language Association, however, contains an article which is likely to cause some throwing about of brains. We refer to Prof. Manly's essay on "Marco Polo and the Squire's Tale." As our readers are aware, Prof. Skeat, about twenty years ago, maintained, in his school edition of "The Squire's Tale," that Chaucer was indebted to Marco Polo's 'Travels' for his description of the Tartar court, and this contention has met with general acquiescence, though here and there a scholar has expressed himself with reserve on the subject. In his Oxford edition of Chaucer, reviewed in these columns last year, Prof. Skeat contented himself with reprinting the substance of his previous investigation. Dissatisfied with the grounds of Prof. Skeat's opinions, Prof. Manly has examined the question afresh, and his results differ widely from those of his predecessors. If Marco Polo, he argues, was Chaucer's authority for Tartar manners and politics, the English poet has treated his voucher in an extraordinary fashion, omitting or altering all that is characteristic or peculiar, and retaining only those commonplaces which he could have found as well in a dozen other accessible sources. Prof. Manly's destructive criticism seems to us altogether convincing; unless unexpected evidence is forthcoming, Marco Polo is "out of the story" henceforth. Construction Prof. Manly does not attempt. He contents himself with remarking, at the end of his excellent paper, that, in his opinion, Chaucer found the names of his characters and his *mise en scène*, as well as the outline of his plot, in the as yet undiscovered source of the tale. With this conclusion we are inclined to agree, and we await with lively interest Prof. Manly's promised article on Chaucer's "relations to certain men who had travelled widely." Unless some record-searcher makes an uncommonly lucky discovery, we seem to be at the end of our immediate information about Chaucer: all the more reason why scholars

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should look sharply after those of his contemporaries with whom he may have come in contact.

—Mr. George Neilson has added to his instructive and entertaining essays on mediæval subjects an investigation into the source and extent of the widely current belief that Englishmen had tails. It appears in a reprint from the Proceedings of the Glasgow Archæological Society, and seemingly exhausts the history of the *Caudatus Anglicus*—the reproach which for centuries was cast upon natives of Britain by their enemies and rivals in Scotland and on the Continent. Even towards the close of the sixteenth century, William Lambarde, in his Perambulation of Kent, is moved to indignation at the slander "so that the whole English nation is in foreine countries abroad earnestly flowted with this dishonourable note in so much that many believe as verity that we be monsters & have tailes by nature, as other men have their due partes & members in usuall manner." The belief seems to have originated in the later twelfth century as a legend that when St. Augustin of Canterbury was preaching to the pagan Saxons of Dorsetshire, they not only refused to be converted, but in derision pinned fish-tails to his garments, whereupon the angry saint prayed that their children might be born with tails, and God granted the prayer. A later variant ascribes it to another Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Becket, the tail of whose sumpter-horse was docked to despite him. The growth and extension of the belief are followed by Mr. Neilson through the centuries with his customary research and vigor of exposition down to the time of Andrew Marvell, who illustrates the danger of episcopal indignation:

> "Never shall Calvin pardoned be for Sales;
> Never, for Burnet's sake, the Lauderdales;
> For Becket's sake Kent always shall have tails."

—Recently published educational statistics of Germany present some points of interest as regards the relative attendance of members of the principal religious bodies at the higher institutions of learning, namely, the scientific and classical gymnasia, in which courses of study are pursued preparatory to the polytechnic school and the university. On a basis of 10,000, the proportion of pupils attending these institutions is in Prussia 27 Catholics to 50 Protestants and 333 Jews; in Saxony 22 Catholics to 40 Protestants and 357 Jews; in Bavaria 42 Catholics to 67 Protestants and 370 Jews; in Würtemberg 53 Catholics to 93 Protestants and 590 Jews; in Baden 41 Catholics to 86 Protestants and 417 Jews; in Hesse 50 Catholics to 67 Protestants and 333 Jews. Thus it will be seen that, in the six largest German states, containing 87 per cent. of the entire population of the Empire, the Catholics are far behind the Protestants in their desire for higher education, and the Jews vastly superior in this respect to both the Christian organizations together. It would, therefore, be perfectly natural and just, other things being equal, that, in proportion to their numbers, Protestants should hold more positions of honor, trust, emolument, and influence in the state than Catholics, and Jews more than Protestants and Catholics combined. Indeed, this is generally true in respect to Protestants, but not in respect to Jews, who, owing to anti-Semitic prejudice, fail to receive the recognition in the civil and military service to which their culture and capacity would entitle them. Not long since an anti-Semitic orator in Berlin made it a reproach to the Jew that he is eager to give his children every possible educational advantage and thus render it more difficult for Christians to compete with them. "Therefore down with the Jew!" was his conclusion.

—The undeniable fact that Catholics furnish proportionately fewer aspirants after higher education than Protestants is due to a variety of causes, two of which may be mentioned as perhaps the most important. The first of these is sacerdotal celibacy. The Protestant clergyman conscientiously fulfils the Scriptural injunction to "be fruitful and multiply," and is usually blessed with a numerous offspring. He belongs, also, to what has been called "the Academic Races," and his sons are expected to study, if not theology, at least one of the learned professions. Thus the Protestant parsons of Germany furnish quite a large quota of its academical citizens, and their descendants, whether clergy or laity, inherit a taste for learning, and, in most cases, pursue some course of study at the university. On the other hand, whatever may be the aptitudes and attainments of the Catholic priest in scholarship, these traits remain purely individual and are not transmitted to posterity. The second cause is the persistently hostile attitude of the ecclesiastical and political leaders of the Catholic party to the superior grades of secular education. In conventions of the Church as well as in public assemblies and in Parliament they are constantly denouncing scientific schools and universities as hotbeds of irreligion, and thus deter many sincere Catholics from patronizing such godless institutions. But who ever heard a Jewish rabbi or the elders of the synagogue indulge in vituperation of this sort?

—Raoul Rosière's 'Recherches sur la Poésie Contemporaine' (Paris: A. Laisney) is a valuable contribution to critical literature, and must find a place on the shelves of every student of French literature. It is composed, as is usually the case at the present day, mostly of articles which have appeared in reviews and magazines, but, unlike many such articles, these are well worth collecting and preserving in book form. The two chapters on English and German influence on France in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries would alone give value to the work. They form part of a very sound criticism of Brunetière's 'Évolution de la Poésie lyrique en France au 19e siècle,' and are full of information. The "Genèse d'Hernani," which appeared in the number of the *Revue Bleue* for April 25, and in which the sources of that famous play are investigated, excites the desire that M. Rosière would publish an edition of that play with a commentary embodying the result of his investigations. He indicates "Amy Robsart" as the source of the first act. This drama, founded on Sir Walter Scott's 'Kenilworth,' was produced at the Odéon in 1828, and was a flat failure. At the time, the play was signed by Paul Foucher, Hugo's brother-in-law, but Foucher had nothing to do with it. The second act is inspired by Alarcón's "Tejedor de Segovia," the plot of which gave Hugo the main lines of "Hernani." The principal incident of the third act is drawn from another of Alarcón's plays, "Ganar Amigos." The fourth act is a reproduction of a portion of "Cromwell," famous for its preface. The fifth act is partly inspired by Shakspere's "Romeo and Juliet" and partly drawn from "Amy Robsart." Two other chapters are also especially worthy of attention, that on "Shakespeare sur nos Théâtres," and that on Jean-Marie Heredia.

MORSE'S HOLMES.

Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By John T. Morse, jr. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

Our expectation of what a writer will do is shaped, perhaps unduly, by the best that he has done. Certainly when we heard that Mr. Morse would write the Life of Dr. Holmes, we recalled his Life of Lincoln, and congratulated ourselves upon another biography from the same skilful hand. In the 'Lincoln,' however, there was a necessity for compression everywhere. In the 'Holmes' a necessity for expansion seems to have possessed the biographer, and we have two volumes where all might have been said, and better said, in one. In the larger work Mr. Morse moved easily and as one at home; here fretfully, like a horse in an uncomfortable harness. Not only in his general manner is he somewhat deprecatory and apologetic, but of particular apologies there are not a few—some of them for the biographer's performance, and some for Dr. Holmes. One thing is sure—that no one will accuse Mr. Morse of having unduly magnified his subject. If Dr. Holmes thought more highly of himself than he ought to think, as has been sometimes charged and frequently surmised, Mr. Morse has made large atonement for his fault, for he has written of him as if beset by fears of claiming for him anything that the most grudging critic would not cheerfully allow.

In one respect the reader may justly complain that the promise of the Lincoln book is broken in the Holmes. There was no good reason why this should not have been made as coherent and symmetrical as that. In fact, it is more a series of separate essays than a continuous biography. Many things are anticipated that would better have waited for their appropriate time. The least excusable waste is that of Samuel May's pathetic letter describing the last meetings of the class of '29, which appears in vol. i., p. 78, when it should have been reserved for the concluding pages. The book lacks order and it especially lacks chronology, proper to which we have a notable instance in the case of "The Last Leaf." This poem is several times referred to, but its date, even proximately, is not given, and the poetry of the period is spoken of disparagingly, without an exception in favor of the poem which Mr. Morse himself sets in a higher niche of fame than "The Chambered Nautilus," though this was for Dr. Holmes his "one entire and perfect chrysolite."

Mr. Morse's arrangement of his matter is defective in one gross particular as well as in minor instances. In vol. ii., beginning with p. 107, we have several groups of letters—to Lowell, Motley, and others—which, interspersed with the narrative and critical portions of the book, would have given to those portions a much more important and attractive character than they now possess. For Mr. Morse does not conceal from us the fact that he has kept his best wine to the last, and served the poorer kinds along the earlier courses of the feast: "Nothing has been omitted which, by any liberality of judgment, could be supposed to have any interest; on the contrary, notes and letters are printed which would hardly have been selected if there had been an *embarras de richesses*." This is certainly not encouraging for a beginning. It is needlessly discouraging. Even the letters in the body of the book are better than this warning leads us to expect. Neither these nor the others have the charm of Lowell's bubbling effervescence

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and explosive spontaneity. They were, for the most part, written as carefully as Emerson's to Carlyle, and as if with a view to posthumous publication. But they are good letters nevertheless. The trouble is, they are related to Holmes's prose publications as "the same continued." But when Mr. Morse says, in his second paragraph, "In point of fact, Dr. Holmes had not only put the best, but absolutely *all*, into the volumes with which he had amused and instructed the English-reading world," he is again needlessly discouraging, and exceedingly unjust both to Dr. Holmes and to his own work. There is a great deal in these volumes that we did not have before, and much of it has a personal accent which more than confirms the pleasant impression made by the author as such; it demands for Dr. Holmes an esteem and affection which outrun all bounds reached by the public heretofore.

Dr. Holmes's interest in problems of heredity did not lead him to study carefully his own pedigree, but Mr. Morse has given us enough to show that his blood had several admirable strains allying him with people of historical and local reputation. His theological heresy was germinal in his great-grandmother, Mrs. Temperance Holmes, whose minister preached such strange and incredible things that she "refused to write after him"—*i. e.*, to make short-hand notes of his sermons. He inherited the features of his mother's mind and disposition; it is a pity that he did not inherit those of his father's face, the beauty of which, as here reproduced, is so remarkable that the page which it adorns is the most attractive in the book and that to which the reader oftenest returns. The father wasted no ink in recording his son's arrival. The entry in his almanac is, "29, son b."

"It seemed to mean so little; meant so much."

There are some interesting fragments of an autobiography which Dr. Holmes never carried very far. They do much to justify Mr. Morse's opinion that he was more interested in theology than in anything else. His revolt from Calvinism began early and ended only with his death. He had "a kind of Indian sagacity in the discovery of contraband reading." He "always read *in* books rather than *through* them, and always with more profit from the books read *in* than from the books read *through*." For 'The Pilgrim's Progress' he has no conventional praise: "It represents the universe as a trap which catches most of the human vermin that have its bait dangled before them." In poetry his favorite reading in his youth was Pope's Homer, and he never repented of his admiration. Accounting for his poetic temper, he puts for Wordsworth's "heaven" the earth which lay about him in his infancy, the scenery of his childish years. In college the home splints were off, and he enjoyed his freedom. He recalls that once for several days his room was the seat of continuous revelry. But when his father went to college "his mother equipped him with a Dutch liquor case containing six large bottles filled with the various kinds of strong waters," from which it would appear that the former times were not in all respects better than these.

In 1833, Holmes came to New York, "seeing for the first time in his life a real city," and took ship for Europe. Pursuing his medical studies in Paris, he soon became deeply engrossed in them, but with a margin for some gayety. The descriptions of his teachers are taken from his 'Hundred Days in Europe,' and they are felicitous, that of Louis enthusiastic in its praise. Another was "a great drawer of blood and hewer of members." The young student took himself very seriously, and did his best to enlighten his parents as to the civilizing influence of the theatre and so on, adding, not very prettily, "You must excuse these little remarks, and not waste your next letter in refuting them." There is a good deal of forcible characterization in these early letters and some anticipations of the coming humorist. Edward Irving, of Carlylean immortality and the "gift of tongues," is described as "a black, savage, saturnine, long-haired Scotchman, with a most Tyburn-looking squint to him"; the King (William IV.) "looks like a retired butcher," and his face is "probably the largest uncivilized spot in England." In general, "the crudities and yeast of youth" are more amusing than the deliberate fun.

He returns to America full of enthusiasm for the practice of his profession. "Literary parturition" taxes him too severely to be united with medicine, as if it were the common sort; so "not another hair from the locks of Poesy." But he did not find the practice of medicine what he had anticipated. The best thing about it was that he had to keep a horse and chaise—his joy, the terror of his friends. His exuberant jollity stood in the way of his success, and, more seriously, the muses whom he had forsworn. The story of his inability to divide his practice because he had but one patient is not told, and is probably mythical, nor are we informed if he ever practised after his return to Boston from Dartmouth, where he taught anatomy in 1839-40. There is much emphasis on his volume, 'Medical Essays.' The date of the volume is withheld, but the most important essay, "Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever," appeared in 1843. He was not quite sure whether he took more satisfaction in this essay or in "The Chambered Nautilus." He said:

"I think oftenest of 'The Chambered Nautilus,' which is a favorite poem of mine, though I wrote it myself. The essay only comes up at long intervals. . . . But in writing the poem I was filled with a better feeling—the highest state of mental exaltation and the most crystalline clairvoyance, as it seemed to me, that had ever been granted to me; I mean that lucid vision of one's thought, and of all forms of expression which will be at once precise and musical, which is the poet's special gift, however large or small in amount or value. There is more selfish pleasure to be had out of the poem—perhaps a nobler satisfaction from the life-saving labor."

Dr. Holmes wrote to Dr. Weir Mitchell that the wood of which academic chairs are made has a narcotic quality which occasionally renders the occupants somnolent, lethargic, and even comatose. His own case was an exception to the rule. Mr. Morse avails himself of a very picturesque bit of writing about Dr. Holmes's medical professorship by Dr. Cheever, and a careful estimate by his successor, Dr. Dwight. He liked to lecture on the "dry bones" better than on dissections, because they *were* dry and clean. Vivisection he accepted as a justifiable method of investigation, "odious beyond measure in its abuse," while in his heart he hated it and would run out of the room when a rabbit had to be sacrificed upon the altar of science. Perhaps the hardest thing he had to do was to withhold the best that he could give in order that the duller boys might get their share of help.

When the *Atlantic* was started in 1857, Mr. Morse tells us that Holmes's name "had scarcely been heard outside the small town of Boston." But he had then been a lyceum lecturer for many years and had had no lack of engagements. The general lack of dates is absolute in this particular, nor are any of his subjects indicated except a course before the Lowell Institute on the English poets. It would be good to know how much his lectures helped his literary work when the establishment of the *Atlantic* gave him his great opportunity. His contributions to the *Atlantic* are not estimated too highly, but with a refreshing difference from the treatment of his poetry and letters. Albeit "the critic is only the mosquito of the literary world," and though "it is not worth while to discourse *in his vein*" (we italicise the unconscious pun), Mr. Morse proceeds to criticise the Autocrat, Professor, and Poet with considerable elaboration; and the criticism, approving Holmes's New England limitation, is much wiser than Mr. Henry James's regret of Hawthorne's "narrow plot of ground," though he grew on it such specimens as the 'Scarlet Letter' and 'The House of the Seven Gables.' No attempt is made to reverse the general impression that the "Breakfast Table" series was a descending one. As for Holmes's three novels, 'The Guardian Angel' is held to be a great improvement on 'Elsie Venner,' but 'A Mortal Antipathy' far below it, and a sign of failing power. The snake story interested him greatly in rattlesnakes not only while he was writing it, but for years after. At one time he kept one for observation and experiment until a rat was given him to kill, with unexpected results: the snake it was that died.

The treatment of the Doctor's poetry is very brief, and of all the poems he wrote hardly a dozen are mentioned for reproof or praise. But "Dr. Holmes was more anxious to be thought a poet than anything else," and Mr. Morse would have done well to avail himself of outside help at this point as in the matter of his professorship. What he claims for him is that he was "a charming singer," and his expansion of this claim, though brief, is excellent. To his occasional verse we have a single paragraph allotted, a short one at that. Dr. Holmes's interest in the Saturday Club was one of his most vivid personal traits. It was the burden of his letters to Lowell, and of those to Motley in a less degree. These letters are his best. Those to Lowell are under some constraint to make them worthy of his critical admiration; those to Motley are written with a freer hand. An early one to Lowell criticises 'Sir Launfal' with much frankness; and such a fire, kept up, would have obliged Lowell to deploy his forces in a more careful manner. There are nice appreciations of his literary companions, like this one of Emerson: "If you have seen a cat picking her footsteps in wet weather, you have seen Emerson's exquisite intelligence feeling for its phrase or epithet." Alcott, with even greater felicity, represented him as sorting the keys of his cabinets. In two groups of the letters—those to an unidentified James William Kimball and Mrs. Stowe—he is almost entirely theological. Mr. Morse thinks the battle he was fighting is now so completely won that the report of it will excite little interest, but we are not so sure of this. It would appear from these pages that Dr. Holmes's hatred of the penology of Calvinism was as intense as Theodore Parker's; and to the remarkable adumbration of it which has taken place, the exhalations of his wit and humor, as well as his more serious dealing with it, must have contributed a great deal. His pious emotions and his Unitarian affections ran parallel with much tender doubt and serious questioning. Suffering was to him a greater mystery than sin, and the sin he found himself blaming less and less and pitying more and

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more, so conditioned is the will by organization and environment. He delighted in the evidences of good ethics and religion outside the Christian bounds. The Chicago Congress of Religions he hailed "as the longest stride towards the Millennium" that he had seen.

There is a good chapter on his occupations and methods of work, a trivial one on the burdens of his correspondence, and a very important one on his distaste for public affairs as evinced by his freedom from all complicity with the anti-slavery spirit into which all his great literary companions were caught up. The longest letter in the book is a painful justification of his course in reply to certain criticisms from Lowell. During the war his engagement in public matters was all that could be asked, and he was never again so indifferent as he had been before. That he had a son in the army brought the great struggle home to him sharply, and he contributed to it a few Tyrtæan odes and a strong Fourth of July oration. But if his hearty malediction upon John Quincy Adams and his metrical defence of Webster ever caused him a regret, no sign of it is here.

MORE FICTION.

Dr. Gray's Quest. By Francis H. Underwood. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

My Lady Nobody. By Maarten Maartens. Harper & Brothers.

Dolly Dillenbeck. By James L. Ford. George H. Richmond & Co.

Boss. By Odette Tyler. The Transatlantic Publishing Company.

The One Who Looked On. By F. F. Montresor. D. Appleton & Co.

Paul and Virginia of a Northern Zone. From the Danish of Holger Drachmann. Chicago: Way & Williams.

Pinks and Cherries. By C. M. Ross. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan.

The Sister of a Saint, and Other Stories. By Grace Ellery Channing. Chicago and New York: Stone & Kimball.

Christian and Leah, and Other Ghetto Stories. By Leopold Kompert. Translated by Alfred S. Arnold. Macmillan.

Irralie's Bushranger. By E. W. Hornung. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dr. Warrick's Daughters. By Rebecca Harding Davis. Harper & Brothers.

Comedies of Courtship. By Anthony Hope. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Anthony Hope. D. Appleton & Co.

In the last novel of the late Francis Underwood, his wide reading, extensive knowledge of literature, law, and medicine, and a familiarity with the customs of fifty years ago, enabled him to give an elaborate frame to his story, and to show what the traveller of that period found in Boston, in rural New England, in Chester, London, Paris. The description of the dress of an East India merchant in Boston, from purplish-blue coat, canary colored waistcoat, striped seersucker trousers, to the blue clay, napless hat, perhaps does as much to carry the reader into the past as the familiar and contemporaneous mention of Chateaubriand and Lamartine. Assuredly the invasion of Daniel Webster's law office by the pretty girl client is realistic if not real, and the grateful kiss she imprints upon his cheek at parting takes its place beside that other *baiser célèbre* that was bestowed upon the young Liszt by Beethoven.

Novel-readers will be pleased to find that Mr. Maartens has relaxed his clenched fists, drawn together his wide-stretched eyelids, and smoothed his porcupine locks; has abandoned hysterics and returned to his first manner. We find in 'My Lady Nobody' the features which gave his early stories their reputation. In minute and deep-piercing observation of manners, customs, characteristics, and motives, this book, like those, stamps him a rare forager for material, providing, too, a rare garnish of wit worthy the banquet. When he mounted the socialistic platform in certain of his novels, he grew tiresome and incoherent; his preaching here is more forcible for not being in sermons, and of the 400 pages of 'My Lady Nobody' there is not one that is dull. It cannot be said that the story marches rapidly. Its attraction lies less in the development of a plot (though there is one, hinging on the laws of inheritance) than in the pictures of Dutch society and universal humanity. With a book that yields such a plentiful harvest of both feeling and satire we feel no disposition to quarrel on trifling grounds. Therefore, it is undisturbing to reflect that a woman so severely conscientious as the heroine would scarcely have lent herself to a fraud, however pious; that a sewing-girl, offered marriage by the officer who had betrayed her, would hardly have refused it. These and similar inconsistencies, after all, are not the book, nor is it on trial for absolute probability. If one is little disquieted by the improbabilities, one is perhaps most of all attracted by the irrelevancies—by the characters and scenes which do not propel the story, by the little world of beings made up of interwoven frailties and virtues; not by the laws of Dutch inheritance, but by the touches of nature shown in the soldier-parson; the land-poor baron, "denying himself a Corot" and counting it to himself for economy; the beruffled baroness, coddling a lap-dog and facing a mob; the yellow-cheeked, oily hypocrite; the invalid, making Scriptural designs in worsted work and debating what might have been the color of Leah's "tender eyes," and whether she should embroider L on Laban's table-cloth. Epigram, of course, since Maartens writes, is pricked into all the pages, and throughout runs a large-brained apprehension of mortal affairs.

On page 363 of 'Dolly Dillenbeck' stands the remark that the French salon is an institution which would thrive in our artistic climate about as well as a pineapple would in Tompkins Square. In this observation is reached the high-water mark of the wit and wisdom of the book. It is a history of the rise and downfall of a very rich young man who squandered his money in cafés and gambling-parlors, furnished limitless champagne to unlimited numbers of loafers and sponges, backed theatrical managers, brought out and subsequently married a successful actress, and came at last to pecuniary and cerebral grief, the former because he had not read his mother's will; the latter because he drank too much. The progress of the actress from country girlhood to metropolitan fame is the subject of the pendant portrait; another, almost as conspicuous, being that of the all shrewd manager. The box-office side of the drama and the interior view of the café are violently insisted upon; the landscape is that blooming on Broadway between Twenty-third and Forty-second Streets. The accessory figures are the loafers and sponges. "A portrayal of certain phases of metropolitan life and character," Mr. Ford calls it, and quite possibly it is; but its relation to literature is that of a cake-walk to the Shaksperian drama.

Miss Tyler's book also belongs to the crude period of fiction as to style. "The Boss stared dully at him, her bizarre mind growing luminous with admiration," is a specimen from its rich flora. The subject, however, is a good one, with a strongly dramatic trend, and, under all the absurdities, falsities, and ignorances, runs a vein of genuineness in the portrayal of the Virginia-plantation idea in both white and black aspect. If two recording angels sit over the shoulder, to note, the one, if the task be well done, the other, if it be worth doing, we can imagine the former dropping a salt tear over Miss Tyler's book; the latter, over Mr. Ford's, a tear both salt and bitter.

No greater artistic contrast with their work could be found than that in the story entitled 'The One Who Looked On,' where the thing told, though slight, is worth while, and where the telling is trained, yet simple and sincere. There is a glimpse of an Irish home that is excellently done, and a delightfully warm Irish heart beats in the heroine's breast. It is a plaintive little tale, sad but sane reading, with the same insight into the human machine that was shown in a former work of this writer, 'Into the Highways and Hedges,' but under conditions less tragic and formidable.

The little Danish idyl which Mr. Francis Browne introduces to the English-reading public would have smelled as sweet by some other than its present clumsy name. It is a pretty story of the Danish shore, of sand-dunes, coast-forests, sea faring folk, and a boy-and-girl pair of lovers. To read it is to feel salt spray in the face and to breathe the fragrance of birch trees; to follow the sea in bitter earnest and to play with beetles in the woods; to make friends with rough, moody, kindly villagers, human and canine, and to watch the love of the blacksmith's bashful son and the Captain's teasing daughter through lyric childhood to dramatic culmination.

The pinks and cherries of Rome in June set a certain Norwegian Fred to thinking of his old home, and a very charming little book of reminiscence he makes. No idyl this, but a boy's recollections of his childhood in a little gossiping Norwegian town: his mother's housekeeping, his brother's kindly tyranny, his own schoolboy games and fights, and the child's remembrance of the grown-up games of life that went on around him. The local color of the town is admirably used; humor is refreshingly present; and that we may not forget it is Norway, a note of the sea sounds through the boy's memories. From cover to cover this is a particularly taking little volume.

Miss Channing's stories are for the most part of Italy, and show a nice appreciation of both the pathetic and the happy-go-lucky phases of life among the Italian peasantry. There are a tear and a smile in each story, and the execution is delicate and thoughtful. The same may be said of the Californian sketch, while that belonging to the colonial period in Massachusetts is something less spontaneous than the rest, perhaps because it touches on neither pathos nor fun.

With a deal of German clumsiness which the translator has not transformed, Kompert's Ghetto stories have a merit and interest quite unusual. They are not only of the Ghetto, but from within—a point of view not often taken in current fiction. They direct attention, at once sympathetically and candidly, to everyday life in the Jewish quarter of an old Bohemian town. As must happen when so treated,

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the subject yields a return of profound significance. Although the stories are lightly constructed, they are filled with Hebrew poetry and Hebrew piety which an honest portrayal of Hebrew foibles avails not to eclipse.

A capital little story of Australian love and adventure is 'Irralie's Bushranger.' The incidents, just improbable enough to be real, are original and cleverly combined, and there is no flagging in the press and stir of the story. There is enough and not too much Australian landscape, and some extremely able personal sketches. It must be set down as one of the best small books of adventure of the year.

'Dr. Warrick's Daughters' is good reading, for its excellent workmanship were there no other reason. It is a pleasure to miss the crudities of the average novel, with its labored efforts to startle and its heedlessness of form. The author says of her heroine, "If she had lived now, she would probably have had the prevalent desire for notoriety, and mistaken it for an inspiration, and have written an indecent novel to set forth a great truth, or rushed before the public to show how feebly she could kick against Christianity, or marriage, or the Tyrant Man." This is preëminently what Mrs. Davis has not done; nor is there anything she could have taken from us that we would have parted more gladly withal. Her story besides, on the positive side, is full of interest, depicting with practised touch life in an old Pennsylvania town, and showing, as foil, the sleepy enchantment of a Louisiana plantation. The Gray and the Blue, differentiated with the skill of a minute observer, shimmer through the fabric of her story, and even so blend, light and dark, the weaknesses and virtues of her many characters. The sermon of the book, breathed not preached, is against the great god Mammon, who is made very repulsive, while yet his worshippers are seen to be sometimes men of like passions with ourselves.

Mr. Anthony Hope's novels may be roughly classified as of the Zenda and the non Zenda. We have either romance, *quasi*-history, or drawing-room problems worked out by sparkling talk. 'Comedies of Courtship' naturally belongs to the latter category, and abounds in the comicalities of errant affections. A few of the stories, indeed, strike a fuller note than that of comedy, and one or two stage themselves into farce so readily as to be, like all unstaged farce, rather solemn reading.

'The Chronicles of Count Antonio,' by its very name, steps into the class Zenda. It is the history of the adventures of a noble outlaw and his band, related by Ambrose the Franciscan as he learned them from other monks and from tradition. Chivalry, love, and gore are the chief of our diet, and are made to sound doubly chivalrous, loving, and gory by the employment of a semi-Scriptural manner of speech. There may be those who will find this archaic rampagiousness a trifle fatiguing; there are undoubtedly others who will delight in the wars, stratagems, spoils, and final triumph of the constant Antonio. Your Zenda knight is strictly monogamous; your un-Zenda knight never experiences a "tinge of that silent pain" which the poet says belong to those "who have longed deeply once." The one fights and woos, the other flirts and runs away; the one wins by strategy or dies a bachelor; the other makes epigrams, and she would be distinguished whom he had never loved. Over realm of poesy or carpet they ride, their mounts the differing quills of Mr. Hope's fancy, and both at their best are rare good fellows.

A PHILOSOPHIC "MR. HYDE."

The Case of Wagner: The Twilight of the Idols; Nietzsche contra Wagner. Edited by Alexander Tille. Translated by Thomas Common. [The Works of Friedrich Nietzsche. Vol. XI.] Macmillan. 1896.

Amid the motley throng of false prophets who are clamoring for the ear of the cultivated public of the day, it would hardly be possible to find a more picturesquely eccentric figure than that of Friedrich Nietzsche, whose works the enterprise of Messrs. Macmillan is for the first time rendering accessible to English readers. That a German professor should aspire to a place in international literature is sufficiently surprising; that he should do so on the strength of productions like Nietzsche's is more paradoxical than anything Nietzsche ever wrote. In fact, a Jekyll and Hyde theory alone seems to give a clue to the phenomenon. In this case Dr. Jekyll, *i. e.*, Nietzsche the professor, was a gentle and gentlemanly *savant* whose precocious acquirements procured him a full professorship of Greek in the University of Bâle before he had taken his degree at Leipzig, in whom overwork, and, possibly, the reaction of a sensitive temperament against the pedantry and Philistinism of his life, had produced a nervous breakdown which compelled him to resign his chair after a dozen years of successful teaching, and who had since led the usual life of an invalid in all the health resorts of Europe. Very different is the figure of Nietzsche the writer, running amuck among the ideals of civilization, a veritable Mr. Hyde, ruthlessly trampling under foot the received standards of morality and religion, an iconoclast who shatters the established structures of science and learning, and poses as the prophet of the Aryan race, as the new "Zarathustra," who boasts that he has given mankind the deepest book which it possesses, and whose excesses of revolutionary thought grow more and more frantic until the poor Dr. Jekyll finally disappears into the "hopeless" ward of a lunatic asylum. Of course all this havoc of Mr. Hyde's was wrought on paper; he never attempted to carry out his ideas in practice, and so he escaped the judicial restraint which an ungrateful society has so often put on other "immoralists" with similar views; and hence, possibly, morality and religion do not feel a penny the worse, and survive in blissful ignorance of their virtual annihilation by Nietzsche-Hyde. But there are nowadays so many "suggestible" persons who can be hypnotized into accepting as true whatever creed is presented to them with sufficient insistence and reiteration of asseveration, that it is perhaps prudent to scrutinize the credentials of this new "Dionysiac" (and paranoiac) wisdom.

The proper preparation for the reader of Nietzsche is Nordau. It is not merely that the latter has recognized Nietzsche as a modern tendency and devoted a long and abusive chapter to him in his book on "Degeneration," but that those who have acquired the taste for Nordau will find the same qualities in Nietzsche in an exaggerated and even more piquant form. If they can imagine Nordau suddenly gifted with an accession of literary power and invective, acquiring real and wide culture, scholarship, and taste (even though of a perverse kind); if they can imagine him scintillating with epigrams and aphorisms, and refraining from quoting Lombroso and Krafft-Ebing, they may accept Nietzsche's books as the logical continuation of Nordau, and Nietzsche's fate as the appropriate and inevitable end of such insane preachers of sanity. If they cannot do this, they will at least be forced to recognize that in Nietzsche there has come a greater, though wilder, prophet, for whom Nordau has prepared the way.

Certainly the resemblance between them is deep and far-reaching. Both are possessed by the idea of degeneration and decadence, and declaim unceasingly about the necessity of health; both, moreover, are equally vague about the diagnosis of the disease from which they see everybody suffering, and equally reluctant to fix more precisely the *date* when the process of degeneration may be supposed to have set in. On this point, indeed, Nietzsche supplies a valuable commentary and *reductio ad absurdum* of Nordau; for whereas the latter speaks only of the present, the former's remarks embrace the whole of history, and discover almost universal degeneracy from the very first. Hence the inference obviously is that the type from which we have "degenerated" was that of the savage or of the ape. Again, both Nietzsche and Nordau pride themselves on being physiological and psychological, although their "science" is clearly only second-hand, not to say pseudo-scientific. Both excel in vituperation and constantly substitute abuse for argument; in this respect, however, Nietzsche is *facile princeps*—chiefly on account of his greater range. Both are anti-religious, because they have no appreciation of the spiritual side of man, and so cannot understand that in the descendants of brutes a certain repression of animality is essential for full sanity of soul. Both are deficient in humor and grotesquely ignorant of the real condition of the English-speaking world, although their criticisms of Germany seem often to strike home. Lastly, to mention a point suggested by the title of the present volume, both have won notoriety by attacks upon the music of Wagner, which they unite in regarding as the incarnation of the morbid tendencies of the age. In fact, Nordau's quarrel with Nietzsche is essentially based on the fact that two of a trade do not agree, and that the latter is the better craftsman of the two. And the great difference between them is that whereas Nordau is only a journalist in pursuit of a sensation, Nietzsche was sincere, if not sane, in the advocacy of his views.

Of these views the present volume gives a fair selection. For even though it does not contain his most characteristic and suggestive works, it manages to give the reader a taste of most of the quaint fancies that pass for the "philosophy" of Friedrich Nietzsche. In addition to the amusing and frequently acute onslaught on Wagner already alluded to, we get his quasi metaphysical "Will to Power," the queer cross between a misunderstood Darwinism and an inverted Schopenhauerism which is supposed to be the basis of Nietzsche's thought. We get further, in the "Antichrist," his theory of the conflict between the ethics of the strong and noble few and of the weak and base many, of the deplorable triumph of the latter in Judaism, Christianity, and Buddhism, and of the necessity of reversing this crime against life by a thoroughgoing "revaluing" of all values. We are tickled by his admiration for the healthy, strong, and masterful, which, after writing down Plato, Socrates, and Christ as "degenerates," is ready to accept as historical realizations of his ideal the characters of Cæsar Borgia and Napoleon, although perhaps nothing short of Bluebeard could fully satisfy it. On the other hand, we are hardly introduced as yet to the "blonde

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roving beast of prey" to whose conquest and ruthless oppression of subject-races Nietzsche (with a characteristic disregard of the obvious fact that no conquests are possible without discipline and self-subordination) refers the origin of civilization, nor to the still more mysterious conception of the "overman" whom he proposes to breed from the elect of the human race—apparently by the highly scientific method of encouraging unlimited self-indulgence.

The "Twilight of the Idols" will be found full of brilliant epigrams and literary criticisms (*e. g.*, the delicious allusion to Seneca's Spanish descent in calling him the "toreador of Virtue," and the description of Rousseau as the "return to Nature *in impuris naturalibus*"), and also of such philosophy as may be compressed into aphorisms. These aphorisms have been received with immense applause in Germany. Nietzsche never wearies his readers by following the same train of thought for more than a page at a time, though it must be admitted that the same idea crops up in a fragmentary form over and over again. But even so it may be doubted whether the aphorism is not still too lengthy and coherent a vehicle for the taste of a newspaper-reading public, and the next original German "philosopher" will doubtless outbid Nietzsche by expressing himself in headlines.

Altogether it would be surprising if Nietzschian doctrines flourished in American soil: they point to the East rather than to the West. They are Slav rather than German, and redolent of the *Liberum Veto* of the Polish nobles, from whom Nietzsche claimed descent. It is significant that he regards Russia as the state of the future (p. 201), the very state which crushed out the aristocratic anarchy of Poland. But the Anglo-Saxon peoples have long learnt to reconcile liberty with order, and though Nietzsche may strike a responsive chord in the hearts of a certain type of Prussian officers, when they dream of shaking off the restraints of an iron discipline and of looting the industrial classes they despise so heartily, we cannot believe that Nietzsche will prove to be more than a passing craze even of the Teutonic mind.

It remains to speak of the contributions of others than Nietzsche to the present volume. Mr. Tille's preface labors to graft Nietzsche's views on the Darwinian conception of the survival of the fit (as if Darwin would have ignored *à la* Nietzsche the moral, intellectual, and social qualities in the make-up of fitness !), and indulges in some absurdly pretentious criticisms of thinkers like Spencer, Huxley, and Arthur Balfour. There is no index, and for the translation not much can be said; it generally fails to reach a fluent and idiomatic English rendering, it not infrequently becomes unintelligible, and sometimes blunders. Still, it is not so bad as to destroy the enjoyment of those who know how to relish Nietzsche the writer without admitting the plenary inspiration of Nietzsche the prophet.

With the Fathers: Studies in the History of the United States. By John Bach McMaster. D. Appleton & Co. 1896.

THE essays collected in this volume have all appeared in various periodicals, and may be presumed, for the most part, to have thus received such attention from the public as they have deserved. Two of them, however, as they relate to matters of present interest, may not improperly be made the subject of criticism—one, entitled "A Century's Struggle for Silver"; the other, "The Monroe Doctrine." As to the former, the title is altogether misleading. Professor McMaster himself declares that it was not until 1878 that our "silver era" began and that the first serious struggle for bimetallism took place. Evidently, therefore, we had been engaged in some other struggle for silver during the earlier three-quarters of the century. What was the nature of this struggle? We read that a hundred years ago the currency of the country was quite heterogeneous; that a mint was established for the coinage of the precious metals into money of the United States for the purpose of displacing foreign coins; that a United States Bank and many State institutions were chartered, and furnished notes that were very generally dishonored, but that expelled specie from circulation; that silver was overrated as compared with gold and was exported; that in order to maintain a supply of small change the weight of fractional coins was decreased; and that the coinage was regulated in 1873, 1878, and 1890. It looks very much as if Prof. McMaster had been unable to resist the temptation of making use of a taking title without regard to its propriety, and we are reminded of a story of Lord Castlereagh, who, after speaking for half an hour without any of his hearers having any idea of his subject, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "So much, then, for the Law of Nations."

This story might perhaps be thought applicable to the other essay which we selected for comment, "The Monroe Doctrine." After narrating the history of the Holy Alliance, the revolutions in Spain and Naples, the policy of Great Britain under Canning, etc., Prof. McMaster admits that the Doctrine has no place in the law of nations. "It does not need to be there. It belongs to a class of facts whose existence does not and must not depend on the consent of nations." It is not a doctrine that a weak power can proclaim. It would have been foolish for the South American governments to have announced it when threatened by the Holy Alliance, "because they could not have made it good. We alone could declare it because we alone were strong enough to support it." "Either we determine the status of Republican government and Republican institutions in the two Americas, or the nations of the Old World will do it for us." The nations of the Old World, by Jingo, shall not do it for us; and this, according to Prof. McMaster, is the Monroe Doctrine.

As he expounds it, it might as well be called the "Dog-in-the-Manger Doctrine." It makes no difference whether what is called a republic in South America is a republic or a tyranny; whether the government of England is really republican rather than monarchical; whether or no civilization would be advanced and human welfare increased by the extension of English influence; whether the peace and safety of the people of the United States would or would not be affected by such extension in South America. Such considerations are immaterial and irrelevant. No European power, according to Prof. McMaster, shall increase its power or influence on this continent, or overthrow any existing government, or establish any direct control over its policy. *Sic volo, sic jubeo.* If reasons are asked for, it is enough to say that might makes right. The American people does not choose to permit any European power to extend its influence on the American continent, and the American people is strong enough to have its own way.

Under these circumstances it would be a waste of time to inquire whether the condition of affairs when the absolute governments of Europe were reëstablishing overthrown despotisms in the early part of this century bears any analogy to the controversy between Great Britain and Venezuela. It is idle to investigate the merits of this controversy. If Great Britain should make a clear title to the lands claimed by Venezuela, it would beyond question increase her influence in those regions and tend to "control the destiny" of the Venezuelans. It is ridiculous to talk about arbitration, because justice and expediency and right and law and prescription have to be considered by arbitrators, and the Monroe Doctrine has nothing to do with these conceptions. Supposing the arbitrators found against Venezuela, and Venezuela refused to submit to the award. The Doctrine would forbid Great Britain to execute the judgment, for she could not do so without increasing her influence and power at the expense of Venezuela. It is vain to ask if such a doctrine as this is not immoral, for it is not so much a doctrine as a dogma, a settled principle which admits of no question.

Doubtless Prof. McMaster would admit that if some South American state grew more powerful than we are, it might interfere in our foreign relations as we interfere with its affairs now. And he would have to admit that the policy of Russia in subjugating Poland and in expelling the Jews from her limits is exactly as defensible as the Monroe Doctrine as he expounds it. Russia is powerful enough to do these things, she does them in the name of her own peace and safety, and that is the end of it. Such a doctrine, Prof. McMaster well says, has nothing to do with international law; and he might have added, it has no more to do with international morality.

Excursions in Libraria: Being Retrospective Reviews and Biographical Notes. By G. H. Powell. Scribners. 1896.

MR. POWELL'S excursions rather impress the reader as the work of a reformed bibliomaniac; a person who, having for years gratified the lust of the eyes after editions *assez rares*, rouses himself to read his treasures and extract their human interest. That his own collection furnishes the material for the volume constitutes a tremendous glorification of Mr. Powell's library. Crammed with curious facts as the book is, we are happy to take the author at his foreword, and read him for more liberal purposes than that of verifying references to vellum opuscula.

In an opening chapter on the philosophy of rarity, Mr. Powell reveals a few of the snares that beset the raw buyer, and then dwells on the value, "to a chastened intellectual sense," of editions, especially *principes*. A book may be rare for other reasons than difficulty of acquisition. First editions are often precious as indicating the accession of new ideas to the world. Every advance or change in human history leaves its mark in the records of bibliography. A second chapter and a third are mediæval studies. The second, rehearsing from Froissart the Gascon tragedy of young Gaston de Foix and his devilish parent, exhibits mediævalism in "the fierce chiaroscuro of blood-stained splendor" which lingered into the fourteenth century and later. The third chapter ransacks a shelf of old story-books. Here a vagrant essay on "The Hunting of the Myth," being responsible to no scientific spirit of myth-resolution, wanders from Apollodorus of Athens, with his great second-century *Bibliotheca* of wonders, to the lollipops of Uncle Remus. Better fun, even, than this is the

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exposition of the famous unread 'Disciplina Clericalis' of Petrus Alfonsus. "An Improving Work," the showman calls it; but it is seasoned with a perfect salt-mine of anecdotes far from clerkly in doctrine. Just here we are moved to the impious suggestion that all the world, except Mr. Powell and a few other children of the light, needs a new edition of Alfonsus, that long promised by Nyrop of Copenhagen not being forthcoming.

"The Pirate's Paradise," which is chronicled in the fourth chapter from the point of view of 1740 A.D., when Charles Leslie's 'New and Exact Account of Jamaica' had reached a third edition in Edinburgh, means the island of Jamaica. With harassing detail we learn how that spot, peopled so strangely with persons of desperate character, came to be the stronghold of a Morgan and a Teach. The three remaining chapters deal with various matters of historical gossip. "A Medley of Memoirs" suggests the extraordinary variety in autobiographical records, which are alike only in being actuated by the passionate desire of not being forgotten; a desire equally intense in the strong Cæsar and the weak Cicero, in the mysterious Sully and the frank Agrippa d'Aubigné. Collected, the host of memoir-writers furnish a back-view of history both curious and important. The chapter on "Rabelais at Home" reviews the 1710 edition of 'Lettres de François Rabelais écrites pendant son voyage en Italie'—another back view of history; the wrong side of the dark tapestry that was being woven in 1536, and thereabouts, in Rome. In his concluding chapter, on the "Wit of History," Mr. Powell writes racily of the countless dramatic utterances that have come off in the crises of history, or, more exactly, have usually failed to come off. He knows the whole list of "Up-Guards-and-at-them!" apothegms that turn out to have been merely, "Now, gentlemen, if you please." Apropos of one of Mr. Weyman's pretty titles, he adds another to the familiar things that Richelieu on critical occasions abstained from saying: "It would be a pedantic reflection on the title of a popular novel of the day to repeat that there is no authority for '*Je couvre tout de ma robe rouge.*' Yet the original remark appears to have been, 'Je *renverse* tout avec ma soutane rouge'—a different idea" (p. 245).

Mr. Powell is distinctly well-informed, and leaves one the pleasant impression that he knows even more than he tells. That he neglects to mention many modern works which discuss scientifically the matters treated by his old books, is a fault inevitable to his plan. Now and then, however, he essays to give modern references, and here he leaves much to be desired. For instance, when Dunlop's 'History of Fiction' is singled out (p. 90) as a standard reference work for the study of mediæval stories, it is strange that there should be no mention of really recent and authoritative studies like those of Reinhold Köhler. A foot-note (p. 86) refers to two modern writers on the legend of the Seven Wise Men, but there is no mention of such investigators as Comparetti and D'Ancona. It is a little strange that in a list of old Italian mythologians (p. 82) neither Giraldi nor Masuccio appears. In a moment of relapse to his bibliomania Mr. Powell thinks it sacrilegious to hunt the myth in modern editions of old authors. Accordingly, he says that such study must begin with the 'Golden Legend,' whereas, to be serious, it must begin with the much earlier works of Jacques de Vitry, edited only yesterday by Prof. Crane of Cornell. In this connection, too, we miss the names of the 'Vitæ Patrum' and of Étienne de Bourbon.

As for style, Mr. Powell's pages so coruscate with sparks of digression that his natural fluency and good wit enjoy less than their fair chance of exhibition. To enliven a treatment unavoidably dull at places, he appeals to contemporary interests. As a translation of the *quod lupus audiens acquievit* of Petrus Alfonsus we have "Brer Wolf lay low"; and Lewis Carroll, Ibsen, Matthew Arnold, Stevenson, Shelley, George Borrow, Kipling, and Bret Harte drop in at points where one could hardly expect a modern to be squeezed in edgewise. It is all very good, however, and sometimes to the point. In closing, we note that the author thinks "Ex Librist" a term too bad to apply "even to a political opponent"; also, that books "should always have their top edges cut and gilt and their sides shaved smooth"—a dictum which must have passed securely over the heads of Mr. Powell's publishers.

Canyons of the Colorado. By J. W. Powell, Ph.D., LL.D., formerly Director of the United States Geological Survey. With many illustrations. Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent. 1895.

To do full justice to this volume it should be considered from different points of view, for such is the character of its contents that they may, without injury, be divided into three parts, each of which appeals to a particular set of readers. In one, for example (and to this the lovers of adventure will naturally turn), we have an account of the descent of the river and a description of the accidents by flood and field that befell Major Powell and his companions in the course of their hazardous undertaking. In another, the geology of the vast extent of country drained by the Colorado, with its marvellous formations and gorgeous coloring, is painted in graphic language; while the third is made up of short sketches of the arts, industries, manners and customs of the different tribes of Indians that were encountered during successive expeditions to this region. With much of what is here brought together we are already familiar, though nowhere has it been given in the compact, readable shape in which it now appears.

Beginning with the geology of this district we are told that from the level of the sandy plain through which, after passing through the cañons, the river flows, the country rises by a series of gigantic steps or plateaus—hundreds and even thousands of feet in height—until the summit is reached amid the snow and ice of the Rocky Mountains. Through these plateaus the river has cut its way; and some idea of the amount of erosion that has taken place may be gathered from the fact that the Grand Cañon is only one of the numerous gorges by which this region is dissected; that it is 217 miles long, and that for much of this distance there is a vertical wall of rock, 5,000 feet high, between the bed of the stream and the level of the plateau above. In other words, the Colorado, in this part of its course, has excavated a gorge which the Blue Ridge (p. 390), if plucked up and thrown in, would not fill, and into which Mt. Washington might be toppled head first, and the dam would not force the water over its walls. Vast as is the work of erosion represented in this and other cañons, it is but a small part of that which has taken place over the entire district. To appreciate this it is necessary to bear in mind that over the whole of the 200,000 square miles of territory drained by this stream and its tributaries, an average of 6,000 feet of rock has been washed away. Or, better still, imagine (p. 393) "a rock of this size and a mile in thickness against which the clouds have hurled their storms and beat it into sands, and the rills have carried the sands into the creeks, and the creeks have carried them into the rivers, and the Colorado has carried them into the sea," and you will have an idea of the forces that have been at work over this whole area and of the immense results they have accomplished.

As a good part of this region is an arid waste, but little better than a desert, the population was necessarily small and was confined to the narrow river valleys and to the neighborhood of an occasional spring. Such as it was, however, it is of interest to the ethnologist for the reason that it was made up of tribes that belonged to different linguistic families, and because among these tribes were to be found representatives of the two extremes of Indian civilization. Thus, for example, north of the river, scattered about here and there in small bands, were the Utes—a Shoshonee tribe—who were among the lowest in point of progress of any of our American Indians; while south of the stream dwelt other Shoshonee tribes (as, *e. g.*, the Moqui and the Navajo), whose position in the scale of development was higher, though they, perhaps, fell short in some particulars of their Pueblo neighbors. To note the characteristics of these several phases of civilization would carry us further than we care to go, and we content ourselves with saying that the differences between them may be gauged by the fact that while the Pueblos (pp. 24, 111, etc.) as early as the time of Coronado, in A. D. 1540, raised corn, beans, and squashes, and "had almost accomplished the ascent from savagery to barbarism," the Utes (pp. 62, 106, 318, etc., etc.), some three centuries later, still used stone arrowheads, knives, and hammers, and were so far from cultivating the soil that they may, in a general way, be said to have depended for a good part of their food upon the seeds, roots, and fruits that were natural to the region.

In view of such differences, any attempt at generalization, except upon the broadest possible lines, must result in failure, and it was probably for this reason that our author, instead of vainly trying to formulate modes of expression broad enough to include arts and methods that are intrinsically different, wisely confined himself to short and distinctive sketches of the condition of the tribes with which he came in contact. Of course, this plan necessitated a certain amount of repetition; but, on the other hand, it fixed the limits within which the several descriptions held good, and to this extent it eliminates a source of error and furnishes us with a model for future work in this direction. Of these sketches those of the Moqui (p. 325) and of the Zuni (p. 358) are perhaps the most satisfactory as they are certainly the most elaborate; and our object in singling them out is not so much to emphasize this fact as it is to call attention to the prominent part which the camera and the pencil can be made to play in depicting the usages of a savage people. For reasons that will readily suggest themselves, it is often difficult to convey, in words alone, an adequate idea of the customs and industries incident to a low civilization or to one with which we have but little in common. This fact Major Powell clearly apprehended, and accordingly, by way of safeguard, he has enriched his pages with a quantity of illustration that leaves little to be desired. Not only are

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the finished products of the Indian's arts and industries duly represented, but we are permitted to see him at some of his daily avocations, and when engaged in the rites and ceremonies by which he hoped to bring good or avert evil. Useful as this means of communication has been found to be when applied to human agencies, it is equally serviceable when used to depict natural scenery. Indeed, but for the liberal use which our author makes of the engraver's art, we should find it difficult to enter into the feelings of enthusiasm with which he gazes upon scenes some of which (p. 331) are "too vast, too complex, too grand for verbal description."

Lucius Q. C. Lamar: His Life, Times, and Speeches. 1825–1893. By Edward Mayes. Nashville, Tenn.: Methodist Episcopal Church South. 1896.

IN this enormous volume of over eight hundred pages of unusual dimensions there are materials for a good life; they are, however, swallowed up in a mass of speeches, letters, and reports, all of which are printed in full; the result is that the book cannot be read except as a labor of love. This is a pity, for Lamar's career brought him into a good many different high positions in public life. He knew and was thrown into contact with all the chief politicians of his time. He began life as an ardent Southerner, while at his death his name was a sort of symbol of reunion; his independence of character was so marked that he did what hardly a public man of his day ever dared to do—refused to obey explicit instructions from his State directing him how to vote; and he was not wanting in humor, humanity, sympathy—all the qualities which lend a charm to character.

His oratory, which was the key to success, seems to have been a genuine gift, though it hardly reached a level likely to render it permanently impressive; but it was the naïf sincerity of his character which endeared him to all his contemporaries. He did not belong to the modern world of cities, but to the rural community which he so long represented. His poetical temperament enabled him to see in Mississippi and the South everything that was noble and elevating, to imagine Washington as it existed before the war a "most beautiful place" (p. 76), and to believe, long after the war had destroyed the old South, that it had been the care, patience, providence, industry, forbearance, and firmness of the Southern planter in his treatment of his slaves that had made the negroes "the finest body of agricultural and domestic laborers that the world has ever seen," and had enabled him to elevate them to such a height as to cause them to be deemed fit for admission "into the charmed circle of American freedom" (p. 60). Such a feat would certainly have made the Southern planter famous throughout the world; most remarkable of all, Lamar really believed in this wonderful reminiscence. Mississippi ought to be grateful to him. It will be a long time before the New South will produce any one capable of seeing in it what he found there.

Porphyry the Philosopher to his Wife Marcella. Translated, with introduction, by Alice Zimmern, Girton College, Cambridge. Preface by Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D. London: George Redway. 1896.

A FRESH example of the late Greek attitude towards spiritual things is given to English readers in Miss Zimmern's pretty little book, and the translator's name guarantees the excellence of the version. Dr. Garnett's preface is vivacious, Miss Zimmern's introduction is comprehensive and painstaking; between them they contrive to put the reader in a frame of mind for inevitable disappointment, for, of the three authors represented in the book, Porphyry is easily the least interesting. The public which has formed its idea of Greek books of devotion on those of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, will find here a heavier touch, a greater proportion of commonplace, a more sentimental tone. These are all marks of literary degeneration, and it would have been instructive to English readers if the translator had included in her introduction a study of Porphyry's style, with an account of the fate that had befallen Greek prose in the third century. But the beauty of the Platonic ethics cannot be hid, and the sweet austerity of neo-Platonism is full of attractiveness. The quaint *motif* of Porphyry's letter to his wife is an attempt, in the spirit of Protesilaus, to induce her to substitute a philosophical for a passionate love, and

"Learn, by mortal yearning, to ascend."

A good deal of sociological interest attaches to the letter from the fact that it was written to a woman, and the following sentiment should win much applause from a *fin-de-siècle* audience: "Neither trouble thyself much whether thou be male or female in body, nor look on thyself as a woman, for I did not approach thee as such. Flee all that is womanish in the soul, as though thou hadst a man's body about thee."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anderson, Col. Edward. Camp-Fire Stories. Chicago: Star Publishing Co. 25c.
Balzac, H. de. A Bachelor's Establishment. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Cooper, J. F. The Last of the Mohicans. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 60c.
Daudet, Alphonse. Kings in Exile. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Egbert, Prof. J. C. Introduction to the Study of Latin Inscriptions. American Book Co.
Filian, Rev. G. H. Armenia and her People. Hartford: American Publishing Co.
Gosse, Edmund. Critical Kit-Kats. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Halstead, Murat. The Story of Cuba. Chicago: Werner Co.
Hill, Georgiana. Women in English Life. 2 vols. London: Bentley; New York: Macmillan.
Kennard, H. M. The Veil Lifted: A New Light on the World's History. London: Chapman & Hall; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.
Langlois, Ch. V. Manuel de Bibliographie Historique. I. *Instruments Bibliographiques. Paris: Hachette.*
Lillard, J. F. B. Poker Stories. F. P. Harper. $1.
Mac Culloch, Hunter. Robert Burns: A Centenary Ode. Brooklyn: Rose and Thistle Publishing Co.
Pigeon, Amédée. Un Ami du Peuple. (La Bretagne en 1848). Paris: Colin & Cie.
Pool, Miss Maria L. In a Dike Shanty. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.
Rothschild, Baron Ferdinand. Personal Characteristics from French History. Macmillan. $3.25.
Rouvre, Ch. de. À Deux. Paris: A. Colin & Cie.
Sanborn, Kate. My Literary Zoo. Appletons. 75c.
Saunders, Marshall. Beautiful Joe. Philadelphia: Charles H. Banes. 25c
Schäfer, Prof. E. A., and Thane, Prof. G. D. Quain's Elements of Anatomy. 10th ed. Appendix. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
Schopenhauer, Arthur. The Art of Controversy, and Other Posthumous Papers. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. 90c.
Southworth, Mrs. Victor's Triumph. M. J. Ivers & Co. 25c.
Tompkins, Elizabeth K. The Broken Ring. Putnams. $1.
Vachell, H. A. The Quicksands of Pactolus. Henry Holt & Co. $1.
Ward, Maria E. Bicycling for Ladies. Brentanos. $1.50.
Waterloo, Stanley. An Odd Situation. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.
Watson, William. The Purple East. London: John Lane; Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 75c.

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